

July 31st, 1862

Middletown, Conn.

## THE STORY OF A COLLEGE.

I write this because there are many things which as time goes on one forgets, but which are pleasant to recall in after years. I do so too, because I have the hope that the college of which the story is told may do good work for God and His Holy Church by and by when I have passed away, and this may not be without interest to others.

Perhaps, should it all prove a failure, others, in the narrative, may find what has really been the cause of it, in the unworthiness of the actors, though now we hope and trust and pray that we are not seeking to do our own will but His. In the story I shall speak of myself as the Rector. Let it not be thought egotism that the prevailing thought is that in this work he has been guided by God's Providential Guidance, directed by His love and following His leadings. That the work is God's wish not his own. Without that thought his whole life would be a tangle. He believes that he has been doing the good works prepared for him to walk in. It is the one dread of his life, lest some day he should discover that he has been seeking his own will. May God forbid it and pardon him if in anything it has been so. Wheresoever he fail or shall fail he believes that this is the cause of it.

It is hard to know where to begin in the story but we must be as brief as possible and yet not brief enough to be stupid and uninteresting.

Nashotah was founded by the prayers and labours of Mr. Breck<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Adams. Mr. Hobart<sup>2</sup> helped but did not long remain; in the year '44 or thereabout, I cannot be accurate about dates even within several years in many cases,—Mr. Breck wished to make it a religious house, a 19th century convent. He was a man of great earnestness, zeal and self-denial. Mr. Adams wished to make it a Theological Seminary. God intended Mr. Adams' theory to succeed and so in course of time Mr. Breck left to do God's work further West. That is my interpretation of the history. Mr. Adams is a very curious Irishman. I think for the benefit of posterity, I must describe his character.

Mr. Adams of Nashotah<sup>3</sup>

He certainly is a good man, a man of faith and integrity. He believes in God's Guidance. He ascribes to God's Glory all the good that he does. His life has been a life of faith. He is Professor of Systematic Divinity at Nashotah. He teaches with enthusiasm. I never knew one who more moulded the minds of those placed under his care. Hence his faults are the more dangerous. He married Miss Kemper, the Bishop's daughter.<sup>4</sup> She was

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<sup>1</sup> James Lloyd Breck (June 27, 1818-March 30, 1876). Born at Philadelphia. University of Pennsylvania. General Theological Seminary. He founded missions to the Ojibwa at Gull Lake (1852) and Leech Lake (1856) in Minnesota.

<sup>2</sup> John Henry Hobart, Jr. (October 1, 1817-August 31, 1889). Born at Philadelphia. Married to Elizabeth Riggs in 1844.

<sup>3</sup> William Adams (1813-1897). Professor of Systematic Divinity at Nashotah from 1842. Author of *Mercy to Babes: A Plea for the Christian Baptism of Infants* (1847), *Elements of Christian Science* (1850), *A New Treatise of Baptismal Regeneration* (1871), *Three Letters upon the Confessional* (1874).

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth Marius Adams (née Kemper, 1824-1898). Born in Philadelphia. Son: Francis Kemper Adams, born 1849 at Nashotah.

pretty and devout and refined. He was a wild Irishman destitute of everything but mind and education.

He wooed and she rejected. He wooed and she yielded. It took many years for the dear old Bishop to get used to him, but I think he has now. His peculiarities are these. He seems to have no reverence. I think Mr. Breck's mediaevalism made him go the other way. In his talk he quotes Scriptures, sometimes,—sometimes uses words, to say the least—idle, mingles his Theological talk and lectures with the most absurd stories, roams about in service time. Were it anybody else, we would call it very wicked, but in him, all we can say and justly is, It is only Mr. Adams. He is a sound Churchman but he dreads Romanism to the last degree. He is exceedingly cautious and intensely conservative. His irreverence of manner, for I do not think it real irreverence of heart, is his greatest fault. He is the most amusing of companions, full of the most varied information and it is delightful to be with him. He never altogether approved of the Rector during the beginning of his work, feared perhaps, he was Romish, but did not like his changes, and did not help him much, while, at the same time, he threw no obstacles in his way. Albeit these negative obstacles are sometimes the hardest to overcome, where one might expect hearty cooperation. All that is over now.

#### Bishop Kemper<sup>5</sup>

Let me describe the Bishop. He is 72 or 73 this year at Christmas, born when the Angels must still keep singing Peace on Earth, Good will to men. It has been the motto of his life and is written on his face. Snow white are his locks, and his face fair and beautiful. All the ladies want to kiss him, but are afraid to. Faults he has and weaknesses, dear old Bishop—who has not—but I shall not write them down. If ever there was a saint on earth, or shall be in heaven, it is he—a long life of the most simple-minded, pure-hearted missionary labour is now drawing to its close. His memory fails a little and he has turns that are alarming, but he never rests except when made to do so. He comes often to the college and stops a day or so, and his presence is a blessing.

#### Dr. Cole<sup>6</sup>

And Dr. Cole. I tell the Doctor if Grace had not made him a Christian nature, he would have been a rogue. He is a Christianized Yankee—but the Christianity has

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<sup>5</sup> Jackson Kemper (December 25, 1789-May 24, 1870). Deacon 1811; priest 1812. Rector of St. Paul's, Norwalk, Connecticut 1831-1835. Consecrated as first Missionary Bishop of the Anglican Communion, with jurisdiction in "the Northwest" on September 25, 1835; he served in this capacity until 1859. Bishop of Wisconsin 1854-1870.

<sup>6</sup> Azel Dow Cole (December 1, 1818-October 16, 1885). Born in Sterling, Connecticut. Brown, GTS. Deacon July 22, 1841; Priest December 1842 (Griswold) Second President and Dean of Nashotah House from 1850 to his death. Rector of St. James', Woonsocket, Rhode Island (November, 1841-July, 1845); St. Luke's, Kalamazoo, Michigan (July 18, 1845-December, 1849); St. Luke's, Racine (December 1849-May, 1850). Married Betsey Perry Bowers April 19, 1843. See *An Account of the Last Hours and Burial of the Rev. Dr. Cole, The Resolutions of the Faculty, Students, Alumni and Trustees of Nashotah House, and of the Clergy present at the Burial, The Memorial Sermon of the Bishop of Fond du Lac, preached at the request of the Faculty, at the Chapel of St. Sylvanus, Nashotah, the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, Nov. 8, 1885, and repeated at the request of the Bishop of Wisconsin, at All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, the twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, Nov. 15, 1885; and The Last Sermon Delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cole, at St. Sylvanus' Chapel, Nashotah, the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, October 4, 1885.* [Nashotah, Wisconsin]: Published by order of the Trustees, no date.

swallowed up and glorified all else. I love the Doctor. He is not a popular man. His manners are not prepossessing, but he has real faith.

Daily offerings to Nashotah and Dr. Cole.

Who else but one full of faith could year after year take care of Nashotah with nothing for its support but what came by the alms of the faithful through the daily mail. The Daily Mail! How often have I sat and watched the doctor open his letters. How much depended on the contents of the seven or eight letters. How have I guessed beforehand the contents. This one to have \$100,—this one \$5,—this one \$22. Perhaps one would have nothing, another a bill, another an application, another be postage stamps. Then again there would be 10¢ and 20¢, then 50¢ and 60¢, rarely more than a hundred dollars, but from 1,500 to 2,000 came in the course of the year. It was like a fairy story,—or rather like Elijah fed by the ravens and the widow.<sup>7</sup> That much—that was what the doctor believed, and that sustained him in the midst of care and sorrow and anxiety that would have been fatal to many. Still, in some things he did not manage well, and had his faults—who has not. He was ready to help and **[did? do?]** good work and always aided and sustained the Rector and was his best friend and supporter.

Nashotah

Nashotah requires someone who can describe scenery well, to portray it as it should be portrayed. Waukesha Co. is full of lakes of varying sizes, but none of any great extent. The two Nemahbins and the two Nashotahs are all connected together, flowing into one another. One can go, they say, from the upper Nashotah to the Mississippi. Just in this part of Wisconsin is the dividing of the waters, part flowing eastward to Lake Michigan, part westward to the Mississippi. Hence, Nashotah is in the township of Summit, so-called from this geographical reason. Dear little lakes, not huge and merciless seas, like horrid Lake Michigan, shipwrecking sailors, tossing up dead bodies, raging at night,—but gentle, placid sheets of water, not marshy puddles with reeds and eels and fever and ague, not lakes like Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond with grand mountains on every side, but with pleasant banks, not high nor precipitous, but sloping gently down, covered with oak and young hickory. Gentle, home lakes, where boats find no dangers, where there are cool bathing places and delicious pickerel, filling the soul with calm and peace and rest (not the pickerel). On the upper Nashotah is the Mission. When I came there in 54, there was the old Chapel where daily service never ceased,<sup>8</sup> or the Weekly Eucharist, St. Lazarus Row, ancient wooden houses, full of memories and bed bugs, where the students lived. The Blue House, grandest of all Nashotah buildings, at that time, except the brick houses. The schoolhouse, afterwards known as the Castle, the three brick houses—one occupied by the students and Mr. Peake,<sup>9</sup> and the other two by Dr.

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<sup>7</sup> 1 Kings 17: 1-24.

<sup>8</sup> "Daily Service" refers to Morning and Evening Prayer from the Book of Common Prayer.

<sup>9</sup> Ebenezer Steele Peake (January 15, 1830-1905). Racine M.A. 1852; Nashotah B.D. 1852. Deacon June 6, 1852; Priest 1854 (Kemper). Tutor at Nashotah 1852-1855. Rector at Zion Church, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin 1852-1855. A remarkable figure, Peake served successively as missionary to the Ojibwe at Crow Wing, Fort Ripley, and Gull Lake, Minnesota; as a chaplain of the Twenty-eighth Wisconsin Infantry in Civil War 1862-1865; and as a parish priest at Christ Church, Austin, Minnesota; Trinity Church, San Jose, California August; Saint Luke's, San Francisco 1870-1878, at Moorhead and Detroit, Minnesota, and

Adams and Dr. Cole. Bishop White Hall had only then the ground broken in '54, and the new Chapel was not dreamed of. Then it was that the Rector came there to be Tutor of Ecclesiastical History and Rector of St. John Chrysostom, at Delafield.

Here I must pause. My story is the story of a college—not of Nashotah. Nashotah has a grand history, much more interesting perhaps and worthy of note than the story I can tell, but it is not mine to tell it. I shall only allude to it incidentally. Indeed, it may not appear altogether favorably in these pages. Let me bear my testimony to it before I go further. Nashotah has been and is, I believe, the work of God. It has done wonders for the Church, both in what it has accomplished and in the faith which it has drawn forth to sustain it. Nashotah sends forth every year young men fitted for the work of the ministry, in many respects well-trained. God grant that it may continue to do so—in *saecula saeculorum*.<sup>10</sup> Amen.

#### Nashotah's Students. No. 1.

The students were mostly supported by the alms and offerings of the Church—for return for this they were expected to study hard, devote their lives to the ministry, be self-denying and devout.

There were two classes of students, some already candidates for Holy Orders and some in various degrees of preparation, looking forward to the Candidateship. Every variety of character,—intellectual, moral and spiritual progress all together.

#### Idea of a College Christian and American.

Before I go any further, I must trace out what seems to me to be the Christian idea of a college and what the American idea is.

Let me say here to posterity: Do not treat me as people do Archbishop Cranmer and some of the other reformers. There is no getting a straight opinion out of the old gentlemen. If you quote a passage on your side, straightway your opponent quotes a passage expressing the very opposite sentiments, from some earlier or later work of the venerable father. If ever I write anything hereafter, which contradicts *in toto* what shall be said here about a college, do not call it inconsistency, do not quote me against myself, but only say, that afterwards he learned better—or worse, who knows. Not always one's latest opinions are the best. It is only when one grows in wisdom that this is true.

#### American Idea of a College;

The American idea of a college. I am not describing Harvard or Yale, or any of the rest. They are miniature hybrids, tending upwards or downwards.

Students come together to be trained intellectually, to have their minds cultivated and expanded as far as science and learning can expand them. With this training, religion has no necessary connection—of course it is right and best to do all we can to keep young men pure and upright and moral, but religion has no necessary share in intellectual training. Baptists, Methodists, Jews, Mormons, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics should all be trained in the same college, and ought to be, without the least infringing on their religious beliefs. Find as beautiful grounds as possible, adorn them as well as

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All Saints, Valley City, North Dakota 1878-1889,. Chaplain at St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Wisconsin.

**Check dates.**

<sup>10</sup> Latin: unto ages of ages.

possible. Build large and commodious and imposing buildings. Grand lecture rooms, libraries, cabinets, apparatus, elect professors, the most learned and scientific. Do not care, or think, of their religious views. If possible, let each one be of a different persuasion, but, above all, let them agree in this, that whatever their views, they have no necessary connection with their teaching, nor ought they to influence it.

Assemble youth together, as many as possible, from far and near. The more, the merrier. Let them find boarding places at Mrs. Smith's, Mrs. Jones', Mrs. Robinson's, or at Catchem's Hotel. They must attend lectures, recite, be punctual and regular in their attendance, etc., but when that is over, they are their own masters. On Sundays they can go to any house of worship the place provides, and they are of all sorts to meet all views or stay at home, if they prefer it. Each one is his own master. He is free to do as he chooses. When he has performed certain duties to his college, he is at liberty.

If such a system exist, it might be met by having colleges to take care of youth who came to attend such universities. A Church college for Churchmen, a Roman Catholic College for Roman Catholics, a Methodist College for Methodists, etc., where the youth could receive religious, physical, and intellectual training, and attend their university lectures and examinations. Of course, this would not meet the difficulty, that the university lectures would be on an irreligious basis, but it would remedy some evils, and might be the best thing that could be done under such a system. The rivalry between the colleges might work for good.

Remember, I am not describing any college. It is only an ideal, a true one, I believe, and quite practicable and the only logical plan on which a State University or College in a land where there is no state religion can be formed.

Our old colleges are half formed on another principle and retain traces and remnants of it. They are under more or less of denominational influence so-called. Even in colleges formed more or less on this system men are better than their creed and purity and high-mindedness and devout faith of this President or that Professor does wonders in spite of the system. Let me describe a Christian College.

May God Help Me.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th and 1,000th principle—

The Church of God alone has a right to educate, and education without religion is an immorality.

A body of men in Holy Orders or not, the Head ought to be, or some of the others at least, join together for the work of educating her Youth in Body, Mind and Soul, as to the whole man, all are bound in obedience to their Head and love binds them in one.

They form one Family. All live together in the college building, building not buildings, make it as large as you please—ten quadrangles, if necessary—but let it be one building for the sake of unity. Let there be a common Dining Hall, where all come together to eat all their meals together,—an upper table for the dignitaries, but the same fare on all the tables. (A University would have in it any number of such colleges, who should attend University lectures, examinations and duties generally, and be cared for as in their homes in their respective colleges. Let there be no luxuries for Dr. Dunderhead and dry bread for John the Freshman, but all alike, unless Dr. D. is sick or John, and then of course his difficulties must be attended to. In short, one family, older and younger, and

eating together as one of the [illegible] and bonds that can bind it in one. The Dining Hall ought to be the second best room in the college. That which is first, I will speak of afterward. The students, of course, all live in the building. Boarding out is unknown. Children do not board away from their parents.

Everything is as commodious as possible. There are dormitories and studies and lecture-rooms and all things necessary. The youth are made more comfortable in their college than they could be at Mrs. Jones' and Mrs. Robinson's, or even at Catchem's Hotel. There is a large Evening Room besides Reception Rooms and Parlors, where all meet together at stated times, especially on Sunday evenings, as one family. Professors and their wives, if they have any, all the family—old and young—in one body.

There is a proper Hospital with matrons to take care of the youth when sick. There is excellent provision for Physical exercise. The grounds are large and spacious. There are prizes for good cricketing and ball playing and regattas on the river hardby. There is a large gymnasium for stormy and wintry weather. It has a bowling alley and billiard rooms and fencing rooms and a dancing hall. It affords every amusement that is not criminal and has proper masters for all.

Above all, the Chapel, all that Christian art can make it. The service should of course be musical. Here comes no discordant sounds from variant creeds, but one Lord, One Faith and One Baptism is preached in Liturgy and Sermon. There is daily Service and Weekly Eucharist of course, and the Head is Priest and father to his family. The religious instruction is not confined to the Chapel and its prayers. It permeates all things—all things begin and end in Him. There will be also definite religious instruction at stated times on the basis of the Church Catechism.

In discipline, the Christian college adopts certain great principles. It makes as few rules as possible, but whatever they are, it insists on the most exact obedience. The rules will vary with the age and the character of the youth under training, for let it be understood, I am describing a Christian college in the most general sense of the word (not a University). Such a college may have under its care, boys preparing for collegiate instruction (so-called) and young men in the collegiate classes. Theological or Medical students. The rules would of course vary greatly. In the case of boys, they would have to be minute and exact. In the case of Theological and Medical students, very few.

If it be a college of boys, or young men in a collegiate course—in a measure even—the system might apply to Theological or Medical colleges. The College should be governed by the students themselves in a certain measure. A system of self-government should be formed. As to what it would practically amount to, I do not now enter upon, or how it should be carried out. I am only stating General Principles.

It was with this idea of a Christian College, more or less developed that the Rector undertook his work at Nashotah.

Nashotah students. No. 2.

His eye was attracted by the students preparing for Candidateship. The Professors did not live with the students even after Bishop White Hall was built. They did not eat with them, except occasionally. Living on alms and offerings, somehow, did not produce the proper effect on the students. I do not think they were self-denying, as a whole. They were poorly fed and not elegantly clad, but most of them had not been used to luxuries. When I say self-denying, I mean voluntarily so. These things they bore more or less

contentedly in accordance with their dispositions. Generally in Lent they grumbled awfully about the fare. This was an annual Lenten difficulty. Living on alms and offerings gave them loose ways of doing things. What one pays for, one values as one's own, one keeps with care because it is difficult to replace it. What one gets easily, one wastes and does not take care of. The students had many things in common. It might have been primitive Christianity, but when I placed my India rubber boots outside my door, I heard the next day through a youth more devoted to me than the rest, that not even my tutorial dignity had preserved them from invasion, and that they had journeyed many miles away on the feet of an Irish Brother, and when some very good brandy, sent me for sickness, had been stored away for use, and when wanted was found to have been applied to the use of a youth slightly unwell, without any permission, I felt that this might be primitive, but it certainly was not Scriptural. Mark you, I am not saying that this came from living on alms and offerings.

Blessed be ye poor, I believe in, but there must be some earnest discipline and labor resulting from such a state of life, or else it produces the loss of independence, self-respect, and, in short, the condition of a *voluntary beggar*. The best that was possible was done for the intellectual training of all—for this the mission was certainly beyond what might have been expected from a Western Institute, and yet it was by no means what it ought to be for the youth that were to be the future trainers of the next generation of the mighty West.

But spiritually, things were not as they should be. There was not much discipline—youth attended chapel or not as they pleased, and while unquestionably there was a good moral tone among the students, yet there certainly was a low tone spiritually and religiously. They were not men to whom you would like to commit the souls of those you loved, even after they had received the grace of orders. It did not at all come up to a high notion of the saintliness of the Clergy. Students used to say that they came to Nashotah—expecting to find it an earthly Paradise, where all was devotion, holy piety, etc., and they soon found themselves much mistaken, and sank down to the level of the rest.

Many of the students have become useful and respectable clergymen—but they would have been better under a different system.

The theory under which they were governed was this—Candidates for orders are Christian gentlemen, and certainly ought to do their duty. We will leave them to themselves, with only religious exhortation and pastoral care. This system might do very well (although I do not believe in it) for well-trained Candidates, but for the nurture of all sorts that were at Nashotah at this time, it was poorly adapted.

The Rector thought that a college established on Christian Principles would meet all these difficulties. What a fine idea to take out of the rest all those not as yet Candidates, and place them near by Nashotah, and each year send to the Theological Department well-trained youth, recommended as Candidates, to receive there their Theological Training. The system at Nashotah might do for Candidates, let the other system be tried on the Preparatories. It would meet all the difficulties. The self-denial of its discipline, the obedience required would make a return for the alms that were given. It would preserve the students' self-respect. The intellectual training could be greatly improved, and spiritually, the fatherly loving care of a Presbyterian living with them would make them holy and devout. And now begins the story of a College.

### The Story of the Founding of the College and Delafield.

Delafield is a forlorn village enough. An old tumble-down village in an old country has something picturesque about it, ivy literally and metaphorically caresses it and hides its deformities and its nudeness, but a tumble-down village in Wisconsin is beyond endurance. How we laughed when once an enthusiastic writer in the *Church Review*, more correct ecclesiastically than geographically, in writing on small Dioceses, proposed Delafield as one of the Wisconsin sees.<sup>11</sup> Cross Bark River, however, mount a little hill, and Delafield ceases to be tumble-down. There stands the Church of St. John Chrysostom, around it the churchyard, at a little distance—Lake Nagawicka, opposite—the parish schoolhouse and the parsonage—then the road stretches on through the woods to Nashotah.

### Delafield Church.

How Delafield Church was built, and the fate of its founder<sup>12</sup>—how the first Rector joined the Church of Rome,<sup>13</sup> the varying fortunes and misfortunes of the founder's family, some other pen than mine must write, if ever it is written. Pleasantly and kindly, I remember them all (the founder I never saw) and pray God to bless them, what is wrong making better, and what is right making brighter and brighter until the Perfect Day.

One mile and a half from Nashotah, with Delafield Church for a Chapel, the parish school house for recitation rooms, the parsonage for the Sub-warden and his family—30 acres of land hard by for the proposed site of St. John's Hall—what better beginning could there be. How the money was gotten for parsonage and land, would be perhaps interesting to the curious reader, but this cannot at present be disclosed. **[Do we know now?]** I start my story with the parsonage built, the Sub-warden, dearest and best of all men, sweetest of singers, and gentlest of companions, living with his wife and that dear little one now with the Angels. The Rector living with the students at Nashotah and walking down with them every day to Delafield to Morning Prayer and Recitation and back again for dinner.

### 1st Charter of the College.

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<sup>11</sup> *The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register* published a series of three unattributed articles on small dioceses based in see-cities rather than around state boundaries:

October, 1857: "The Apostolic Ministry in the Apostolic Position"

January, 1858: "The Apostolic Ministry in the Apostolic Position"

April, 1861: "The See Bishoprick. How Shall We Get It?"

DeKoven refers to the second article, which proposes two see cities for Wisconsin: "Milwaukie [sic] and Delafield" (p. 528). The third article in the series indicates that the 1858 article was by a "distinguished Clergyman of the South, now deceased."

<sup>12</sup> Robert Ralston Cox (October 20, 1822-May 23, 1851). General Seminary 1848.

<sup>13</sup> William Markoe (July 25, 1820-August 15, 1898). Deacon September 23, 1849; Priest March 17, 1850 (Kemper). Deposed September 6, 1855. An anonymous writer in the *American Church Quarterly Review* said of Markoe in 1852: "His fantastic tricks in ritualism led to the adoption of a Canon on Ritual Uniformity, in the diocese of Wisconsin, to which he belonged. He was young, ardent, impatient of results, and excessively fond of Mediaeval restorations. With increasing wisdom, he may return to the Church of his family and friends."



The assent of the Trustees had been obtained and Dr. Cole entered most heartily into it. A Charter was procured from the Legislature and St. John's Hall was no longer an idea—a dream—but a reality. A separate Dining Hall was built for St. John's students, where they could dine together. Here at an upper table sat the Rector or Warden as was then his title, and the Fellow brother, Shaw,<sup>14</sup> sharer of many a care and bearer of many a burden. There were from 14 to 20 students. I do not exactly remember the number. Seven lived in the Castle with Brother Shaw, seven at the Blue House, and a few with the Warden in Bishop White Hall, where the candidates mostly resided. The Warden, the Sub-warden and the Fellow, formed the Faculty of St. John's Hall.

#### First Discipline of the College.

The discipline attempted to be enforced was not very rigid, although certainly more than had been attempted.

(Here gentle reader, pause and listen—I am telling a story, not making reflections on it. I am an historian, not a judge. I am not saying whether what was done was right or wrong, wise or foolish, nor what I think of it. I am only telling a story).

There was to be no smoking or chewing. Most of the Professors did not use tobacco. All were to ask leave when they went out of bounds. They were to be in bed at a certain hour and get up at a certain hour, always attend Chapel night and morning, and not run into debt. These were the rules.

#### The Rector's 1st return from England.

It was about the middle or last of October when in the year 1858 the Rector returned from a summer trip to Europe, or rather England. Full of his work, he hastened to be at home again, with a heart full of love for all his boys and of zeal for the labor he had undertaken. Mr. Etheridge,<sup>15</sup> the Deacon, was at the station with all the children of the Parish School to welcome him, the Clergy, and some, though not all, of the students of St. John's. Those children of the Parish School. They loved him as children will a Rector who is at all kind to them and takes an interest in them. So they welcomed him and made him glad, and at night the students sang under his window one of their songs to welcome him back and his heart was very glad.

#### Description of the First Students of the College

Now I must pause to describe some of the students. All I will not. Some I have forgotten, some were not of much account. Some were of account, but do not need to be described. Some do.

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<sup>14</sup> Henry Clay Shaw (1822-October 2, 1902). Nashotah B.D. 1854. Deacon June 11, 1854; Priest September 23, 1855 (Kemper). Assistant at St. Peter's, Ashtabula, Ohio, 1854-1855; St. Alban's, Sussex, Wisconsin 1855-1858; Fellow at St. John's Hall, Delafield, 1858-1860; Headmaster of Racine College Grammar School 1860-1862; Professor of Ancient Languages at Racine, 1862-1869; Rector of Immanuel Church, Racine, 1869-1870; St. Steven's, Silver Creek, Nebraska 1870-1878. He was missionary at large in the Diocese of Nebraska, 1878-1879; and subsequently rector once again of Silver Creek, 1879-1883; Rector of St. Mark's, Hastings and St. Johns, Harvard, Nebraska 1883-1884; Good Shepherd, Wichita Falls, Texas 1884-1893; St. Peter's, Colgate and St. Andrew's, Lehigh, Oklahoma 1895-1898.

<sup>15</sup> Sylvester Smith Etheridge (- February 18, 1864). Nashotah B.D. 1858. Deacon May 30, 1858 (McCorkry); Priest June 19, 1859 (Kemper). Rector of Trinity, Janesville, Wisconsin, 1859-1860; Founding Rector, Trinity Church, San Jose, California, 1861-1864.

W. C. Pope<sup>16</sup>

First. William Cox Pope. Dear Willie. I know him best as cousin of the founder of Delafield Church, for he had been under the Rector's charge for several years. The noblest, best and truest of boys—a comfort in trouble and always obedient. He had just returned to Nashotah after a year's absence. The year before he had left and had made up his mind that he would not study for the ministry. He wanted to be a soldier and enter West Point. This was a great disappointment to the Rector who thought him especially fitted for the work and thought God was calling him to do it, and that Willie was following his own will in this. So he prayed for Willie night and day that God would show him the right way and wrote a prayer for guidance and direction for Willie and sent it to him and Willie used it steadily, lest he should be led wrong and wrote the Rector after a time, that he used it regularly, and became more and more convinced that it was right for him to go to West Point. So he prayed, and the Rector prayed, and, by and by, when Blessed Lent and Easter came, rich in penitence, brought back to God and heart given up to Him—Willie was drawn nearer to the Cross and gave up his desire for the world and resolved to study for the ministry, and never swerved again. He loved the Rector as none else did. He believed in discipline and exact obedience. He realized the idea of a college and laboured heart and hand with the Rector.

S. W. Frisbie.<sup>17</sup>

Next—Stephen W. Frisbie. A thin little boy when the Rector first saw him, apprenticed to a carpenter, but being really employed generally in the care of babies. A sweet face of a most innocent and gentle expression and good behavior won him favor thereby, and for a long time he had been living at Nashotah, as the Rector's especial protégé, a sort of younger brother.

George Whitney.<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>16</sup> William Cox Pope (April 21, 1841-June 7, 1917). Racine College B.A. 1862, Racine M.A. 1865; Nashotah B.D. 1865. Deacon June 11, 1865; Priest September 24, 1866 (Kemper). Rector of St. Matthias Church, Waukesha, Wisconsin, 1865-1868; founding rector, Church of the Good Shepherd, St. Paul, Minnesota (1868-1917). Author of *Affiliation of Swedish and American Churchmen* (1894), *Life of the Reverend James DeKoven, D.D., Sometime Warden of Racine College* (1899), *William Sitgreaves Cox: Annals of A Quiet Life* (1906). Married Eliza McBurney Easton September 24, 1889 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

<sup>17</sup> Stephen Wakeman Frisbie (April 12, 1840-November 28, 1924). Born at Summit, Wisconsin. Graduated Racine College 1862, Nashotah B. D. 1865. Missioner of St. James's Church, Detroit, from 1880, rector from 1882. Author of *The Blessings of the Sacrament of the Supper of the Lord* (1871). Secretary of the Diocese of Michigan 1880-1920, member of the Standing Committee 1886-1906. Married to Alphine Barnes on June 27, 1867 at Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

<sup>18</sup> George Armstrong Whitney (September 29, 1838-February 14, 1903). Born at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Graduated Racine College 1863, Nashotah B.D. 1865. Deacon June 11, 1865; Priest 1866 (Kemper). Rector of St. Peter's, Ripon, Wisconsin 1865-66; St. John Chrysostom, Delafield, Wisconsin, 1866-1869; Grace Church, Jonesville, Michigan 1869-1873; Christ Church, Owosso, Michigan 1873-1875; St. James, Green Bay, Wisconsin 1875-1878; St. Alban's, Sussex, Wisconsin, with Duck Creek and Big Shamico 1880-1883; Christ Church, Winnetka, Illinois, 1883-1885; St. Thomas, Amboy, Illinois 1885-1891; St. Mark's, Maquoketa, Iowa 1891-1898; St. George's, Griffin, Georgia, 1898-1902; All Saints, South Arlington, Florida 1902-1903. Married Marion Josephine Sherwood August 13, 1867 at Green Bay, Wisconsin.

George Whitney only came that Fall. High-principled and obedient, but cautious and not free-hearted—but a trusty good fellow.

George Vernor<sup>19</sup>

Noble-hearted and generous, but fond of the good opinion of all, and then a lover of popularity, but truly noble-hearted.

De Garmo<sup>20</sup>

Gentle and affectionate, but weak as water, making good resolutions but never keeping them—the black sheep of the flock.

Colin Tate.<sup>21</sup>

Very much resembling him, but not so much so—decidedly stronger and better principled.

Travers. Bullet-headed.

Shaw. Stubborn as a mule, but well principled.

Cooley. All music, but knowing no law but his own will.

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<sup>19</sup> George Vernor (1837-January 4, 1917). Racine B.A. 1862, M.A. 1865; Nashotah B.D. 1865. Deacon 1865 (Kemper); Priest 1866 (McCoskry). Rector of Union City, Michigan 1865-1867; Grace Church, Appleton, Wisconsin 1872-1886; Emmanuel, St. Louis and St. John's, Alma, Michigan 1887-1892; St. Peter's, Hillsdale, Michigan 1895-

<sup>20</sup> Charles Harpending DeGarmo (May 22, 1853-December 30, 1922). Born in Louisville, Kentucky. Deacon 1874, Priest 1876. Rector of Saint John's, Toledo, Ohio (1884-88); curate at St. Mark's, Philadelphia; Rector of St. John's, Lansdowne, Pennsylvania (-1905); Priest-in-charge of Christ Church, Redondo Beach, California, 1905-1921. *The Living Church* notes in its obituary (January 20, 1923, p. 427): "During his [last] incumbency the church became a shrine for pilgrimages from all parts of the diocese and beyond, and its priest was lovingly called "St. Charles of Redondo." He will be remembered not only for his outstanding Catholic Churchmanship, but for his sweetness of soul and utter forgetfulness of self." See *The Case of St. John's, Toledo* (Toledo, 1887) which relates Bishop G. T. Bedell's censure of DeGarmo's introduction of ritualist practices: "a screen separating the chancel from the body of the church; a chapel with an altar dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the main altar (so called) with its six candles, and the tabernacle in the midst; and finally, uplifted over all, an image of our blessed Lord, carved in wood, exhibiting as far as human art can do his agonies on the Cross" (Diocese of Ohio, Convention Journal, 1887, p. 33). DeGarmo resigned after the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Ohio investigated worship at St. John's and found that it had "greatly injured and retarded the cause of the Gospel and Church in Toledo" (Convention Journal, 1888, pp. 29-31). Ironically, St. John's had been founded by the Reverend Nathaniel Rue High (Nashotah B.D. 1859).

<sup>21</sup> Colin Campbell Tate (1837-March 4, 1904). Born in Cleveland, Ohio. Racine B.A. 1863, M.A. 1866; Nashotah B.D. 1866. Deacon May 27, 1866 (Kemper); Priest April 9, 1881 (Talbot). First Curate at Christ Church, Indianapolis, 1866; Rector of St. Paul's, Columbus, Ohio 1867-1873; Trinity Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1873-1880; Trinity Church, Niles, Michigan 1880-1887; St. Bartholomew's, Englewood, Chicago, 1887-1890; Holy Communion, Chicago, 1890; Good Shepherd, Blue Earth, Minnesota 1891-1904. While at St. Paul's, Columbus, Tate introduced a surpliced choir, the first in the Diocese of Ohio, thus provoking serious controversy with Bishop C. P. McIlvaine. See *Correspondence touching the Action of the American Church Union in the Case of the Rev. Colin C. Tate of Ohio*. New York: Pott & Amery, 1869. "Few men succeed in making upon their fellow men an impression of personal sanctity as did Mr. Tate; and few priests are given the power to impress their spirituality so markedly upon their people." Obituary and photo in *The Living Church*, March 12, 1904, p. 678.

Brower. Good but slow.

Burton.<sup>22</sup> Afterwards known as Big Burton and afterwards famous at Racine College, but then new and not very influential.

Weil.<sup>23</sup> A Jew.

Harns. A married man.

Smail. A widower. I am mistaken—his wife was in Minnesota.

Allen. Then thought to be good, but afterwards found to be very obstinate and detestable.

Gerry. Cause of much trouble afterwards.

Plummer.<sup>24</sup> A poet.

Kirby. Afterwards in States Prison.

Anturn. Afterwards dismissed.

Price. Ditto and became a lawyer.

Hawks. A fine fellow on the whole and intending to do right.

Stoddard. Very stupid.

Young. Afterwards dismissed.

David Johnson. The most remarkable of human beings, and about as fit to study for the ministry as a pious [ape?] would have been, etc, etc. I have mentioned nearly all, I think.

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<sup>22</sup> George Burton (April 12, 1878). Racine B.A. Nashotah B.D. 1866. Deacon May 27, 1866 (Kemper); priest? Rector of St. Peter's, Redwood City, California 1866-1867; principal of school at Fair Oaks, 1867-1868; Rector of St. Athanasius Church, Los Angeles, 1869-1870; Principal of Female Seminary, Los Angeles, 1870-1871; Bishop Scott Grammar School, Portland, Oregon 1871-1872; Trinity Church, Portland, 1872-1875; headmaster of Grammar School at Portland, 1875-1878.

<sup>23</sup> Elias Weil (-March, 1904). Born in Germany. Nashotah B.D. 1863. Deacon May 31, 1863 (Kemper for Maryland); Priest May 13, 1864 (A. Potter). Curate at St. Peter's, Germantown, Pennsylvania, 1863-65; Rector of St. Luke's, Clermont, New York 1865-67; Curate at St. Peter's, Albany, New York 1868; Rector of St. John's, Essex, New York, 1869; St. Paul's, Charlton, New York, 1870. Rector of Christ Church, Delaware City, Delaware, 1870-1879; connected with St. Peter's, Germantown 1879-1904. *The Living Church* obituary notes that since 1879 "he has lived a retired life in Germantown and has been in very poor health" (March 19, 1904, p. 718).

<sup>24</sup> George Fayette Plummer (August 31, 1840-September 26, 1908). Born in Cambridge, Maryland. Racine B.A. 1863. Deacon 1866 (Clarkson); Priest (). Rector of Good Samaritan, Corvallis, Oregon. He married Lavinia Jane Leyton on December 16, 1867 in Sussex County, Delaware.

### Daily Routine at St. John's Hall

So St. John's Hall was started. The daily routine was for the students to go to Delafield school and attend morning prayers and recitations. Come back to dinner, work a specified time, except time for evening prayers and tea, and perhaps something for recreation. There was I believe, no specified time for study. They have to get their lessons.

In pursuance of the idea of governing the boys by boys the Rector appointed Pope, Whitney and Brower as Prefects. Their duty was to see that the boys attended Chapel, and did their work and report to the Rector at the Prefects Meeting every Monday. Monday was the weekly holiday. All was started, the Clergy were in earnest, the boys there to be trained. Surely they could hope for God's blessing, surely it must prosper. We shall see.

### Objections of Candidates and Clergy to the system—silent and open.

Like all Reformers, the Rector was somewhat unpopular. The boys naturally did not fancy discipline. The Candidates for Orders mostly regarded the matter as an infringement on the rights of humanity. Some of the Clergy stood aloof and looked on to see how it would succeed.

The Rector was trying to bring in a childish system.

He was making babies of young men.

He was English and not American in his views.

He was inclined to be Romish.

He generally was overstrict.

### The Battle with the Rector.

Everything would, however, have gone well, had it not been for the Candidates. The Rector had a great deal of personal influence over many of the boys—they would have loved him soon and learned to obey him, but straightway, when anything went wrong, the Candidates sat in judgment upon his actions, and generally totally condemned him, and what wonder if the boys agreed with their elders.

In the midst of all, Willie Pope never swerved from his loyalty and obedience. Some few others there were, more or less so, as Frisbie, Whitney, Hawks, Vernor and Brower and Burton, but he always and invariably and on principle.

### Travers' rebellion and dismissal.

Travers was very impudent to the Rector when reciting. He felt ugly and soon showed it. He was required to apologize and would not. All due measures were taken to bring him to reason. He declared before all the Faculty that he would do the like again, under similar circumstances, and was dismissed. All Nashotah was in commotion. Candidates sat in awful conclave and would scarcely speak to the Rector. It was unheard of tyranny. The storm waxed stronger and stronger. The Faculty stood firm and Dr. Cole stood by them.

### The Paper of Protest.

At last it was determined that a paper should be signed by all the Candidates and as many of St. John's students as could be induced to do so, declaring Travers to be in

their opinion, a fit person to study for Holy Orders in spite of the Rector. The paper went around. The Rector knew nothing of it. A number of the St. John's students signed it, and among them, even Stephen. Three at least of the St. John's students also left their duties at Delafield Church and accompanied Travers to the station to show their sympathy.

It was a Monday, and the Feast of All Saints, ever to be remembered as the first rebellion.

Wrath accumulated. Angry letters came from the youth's Rector in Milwaukee. The Rector felt very badly when he found that such a paper had been signed by his own students, and that even Stephen had been carried away by the dissimulation. He did not mind the Candidates, but he felt very keenly any disloyalty on the part of his own boys. So he called all the students together in the Chapel and talked to them very seriously about it, and rather reproached them with their unkindness.

The storm of course blew over, and the victory remained on the side of the authorities, but there were seeds of evil left behind.

Travers, let me say, is now a respectable tinner, and a married man. How much happier than if he had entered a Profession for which he was not fitted. All this is very stupid and dull. I wish I could make it more interesting. If I could only turn it into a story and represent the characters talking, it would be more like life. The next scene I will do so, for vanity's sake. Of course, I must draw on my imagination for the words, the facts are true.

First, let me say that when the Prefects received their appointment, the boys all joined together and bumped them against the house, in spite of a stout resistance, to teach them humility.

Never were officers more unpopular. Pharaoh's task masters had an easy time when compared to them. The Rector was very particular never to ask them about the boys, and they most careful and honorable; yet, on the whole, they were suspected of tale-bearing. They were placed between two fires; they could not resign, without incurring the Rector's displeasure,—in doing their duties, the boys twitted and plagued them. It was a hard position.

So the Winter wore on and Christmas came and went. The boys broke rules unmercifully, but they could not be closely watched. The Rector thought it dishonorable to watch them and they (some of them at least) did not think it dishonorable to disobey. Lent and Easter came and were full of blessing, and penitence to many that year, in the Parish, and very gladsome was the Festival.

Preparing for the Boating Season.

Spring and Summer came also, bright and beautiful, the leaves burst forth, and Nashotah Lakes were full of beauty. The Rector helped the boys to procure boats and did all he could to make them happy, for he loved them much, although he did wish to make them obedient.

Now for the Scene.

"It is a mean business," said Shaw. "My stars! if I will stand it, sitting on benches without backs, like a set of babies. Seymour says he could not stand it and he is a Senior. Its awful uncomfortable anyhow," said De Garmo. "Come Tate, I have it, let's go into the Dining Room and drop the benches over the fence." "Look out for old Gage," answered Tate.

So into the Dining Room rushed boys and passed out the benches. It was some little distance from the Castle to the Dining Hall, and as the boys were not careful, all of them about rising early, they were often late to grace. So one—there I forgot, that is not the way to do it.

“A jolly mess, Tate,” said De Garmo one morning. The “Rector said at breakfast that if we came late we should be locked out. I get up just as the Triangle rings generally and slip into my clothes, and am up in time to get helped, after the others have had their coffee, but there comes Pope. I wonder if he will stand this. Hallo, Pope, where are you going?” “Down to school,” said Pope, “to call the Roll.” “You will be late.” “I say Willie,” said Tate, will the Rector really lock us out if we are late?”

“I guess so,” said Willie, if he says he will.”

“Ain’t it mean,” cried Tate, as Willie passed by.

“No, it’s all right, you ought to be early. A first-rate [word missing?] to get you and De Garmo out of your beds.”

“Good bye, I must be off.”

“There comes Cooley and Vernor,” said Tate, “let’s ask them. Will you walk down with us to school, Cooley? Pope’s gone on, and he will call the Roll before we get there.” “Yes, if you’ll walk quick,” said Cooley, “for I want to be in time to play a new voluntary, if Mr. Hodges will let me. I can’t bear Mr. Hodge’s playing. It’s too solemn for me.” “Fiddlesticks for your voluntary, said De Garmo, “what’s that to being locked out of the Dining Hall?”

“It’s tyranny,” said Tate.

“It’s mean,” said Cooley.

“Well, I do think it’s carrying matters a little too far,” said Vernor. “I like the Rector and the place but somehow all this fighting and quarreling is not pleasant. I am not half so good as when I came to Nashotah.”

“Good morning, boys,” said a voice behind them. “Vernor, won’t you walk with me. We’ll beat the others.” “Certainly,” said Vernor.

“There they go,” quoth the others. “He’ll get out of Vernor all we’ve said, I’ll bet you a sixpence,” said De Garmo.

“I’ll tell you what it is,” said Tate to Shaw and De Garmo that evening, “if you will promise you will not tell, I’ll steal the key and hide it and then the door can’t be locked.”

“All right,” said the others.

So the key was stolen to the horror of Mrs. and Mr. Gage, the steward and his wife, who soon informed the Rector. “Brother Shaw,” said the Rector, “the boys have stolen that key, isn’t it a shame?” “It’s too bad,” said Shaw. “What shall we do?” “Sebastian’s away too,” rejoined the Rector. “I have it,” he continued, “we will require the boy who did it to tell of himself and if he does not own up, punish the whole set. This will seem to bring out the purity of the college and show that if one does wrong all suffer and whatever the punishment is, we will bear it with them as members of the college. That is a good and true way, it seems to me, and will bring out the idea of our being one body, will it not?” “Perhaps it will,” said Brother Shaw.

So the next day the boys were told very seriously that it was all wrong, that the key was not theirs, that the passing out the benches had been overlooked, but this could not be.

Still no disclosure. The next day, or the day after, at Church the Rector exhorted them very seriously on the subject, but it was all to no avail.

Then the Rector told them that there would be no tea or coffee in the Dining Room till the key was given up. He told them that it was a college wrong and all were affected by it. He and Mr. Shaw would share the punishment with them and have no tea or coffee on their table, but all must bear the punishment together. There was racing, chasing and commotion. All Nashotah was in an uproar. The Rector was in disgrace. Even Dr. Adams thought it might be dangerous in the climate of Wisconsin to deprive students of tea and coffee.

It was afternoon, the boys were all working in the road presided over by Stewart, a Senior famous for the interest he took in the care of the grounds at Nashotah, and his general good conduct and piety.

"I say," said Shaw, "I shall leave this institution at the end of the year and go to Farming."

"Much farming you'll do," said De Garmo, looking solemnly at his hoe, a process he had been more or less engaged in through all the work time.

"Make haste there," said Stewart, coming up, "you will accomplish nothing and this road must be done by Tuesday."

"I haven't enough strength to work," said De Garmo, "having been deprived of my natural food and drink for three days." "That's just the case with me," said Young.

"I say," said Stewart authoritatively. "I've stood up for the Rector until now, but this is pure tyranny. No slave in Mississippi would stand it." "I'll tell you something more," said Tate, "the Rector has asked Mr. and Mrs. Story and Mrs. Hodges up to tea tonight just to show off our discipline."

"That's just like him," said Cooley. "I'LL not go to tea," said Young; "nor I," said Harns; "nor I," said Vernor.

"I say," said Shaw, "let's all stay away and let the Rector have his discipline to himself. Wouldn't he feel flat just as he was going to show us off to have nobody there?"

The Rector sat in his study tired with overwork and weary with discipline, praying to God night and day to show who the offender was, for it all seemed to him like a very great affair for his college, and waiting His will, when a knock came at the door, and the smiling face of Willie Pope appeared.

"Well, Willie, what is it?"

"Some of the boys feel quite badly because there is company coming tonight, and there is to be no tea or coffee. Could you not have it for tonight?"

"Certainly, Willie," said the Rector, "I would not do anything to make the boys feel badly. Moreover you will have time before Chapel to ask Mrs. Cage to have both tea and coffee."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie, and was off.

He did not tell what he had heard, and had only time to do his message and get to Chapel. Immediately after Chapel was tea.

Proud was the Rector to receive his guests at St. John's Dining Hall. It was the first time Mr. and Mrs. Story, old friends, had been there. The table was covered with delicacies. Mrs. Gage had got up a great tea. Mr. Shaw and the Rector were full of politeness. In came Pope, Whitney and Hawks to the table, but not the others. At first the Rector could not believe his eyes, then he did not understand it, then it flashed upon him,



and certainly the boys had their revenge—if that was what they wanted. He felt thoroughly used up and could have cried with sorrow.

Of course, he could not let on before the company. The boys had asked them to take a boat ride, and he had to go with them. How small it all seems, what a little affair it was, but it wounded him more than many a harder sorrow. As the ride was over, and the party walked towards Bishop White Hall, the setting sun shone on the windows of the Building, and when all else seemed dark lighted up the west window of the Rector's room with that bright reflection you so often see from without, and as he saw it, he comforted himself with it as a good omen of better days to come, and an end of this trial of discipline.

The next evening he was visited by Vernor. "Well, Vernor," said the Rector, "sit down."

"Thank you, sir," said Vernor with a pleasant smile. "I have come to speak to you about this matter of discipline. If one student was willing to bear the punishment of the whole, might not the rest go free?"

The Rector thought for a moment and said, "Yes, I think so, Vernor. The punishment is put upon the whole for the offence of one, if one would bear the punishment of all, the rest might go free. But it must be no trifling, but an honest punishment honestly borne." "Yes sir," said Vernor, "I feel that, but if you would let me, I would gladly do it." So it was agreed on and shortly after the discipline was taken off, and the boys informed of the satisfaction offered by one of their number, whose name was to be unknown.

It was Saturday night, and the Rector was getting ready for Sunday's labors, when a hesitating knock came at his door.

"Come in. Good evening, Colin."

"Good evening, Mr. Rector," said Tate. "I have come to tell you, Mr. Rector, that it was I who took the key. I could not let another bear my punishment, sir." Then I will not write what followed, but for Vernor and for Tate that time was the beginning of much that was good and true in their after lives. So the year ended unsatisfactorily, and the boys went to their homes and the college broke up for the vacation.

The Rector went home for his vacation like the rest, and before the holidays were thru had returned to Delafield and Nashotah.

There was to be a very large number of students. The question was where should they be put, the crowding of them within a small room, candidates and preparatories together, would aggravate the difficulties. Efforts were made to procure a house in Delafield that could be used, but fruitlessly. \$2000 more or less had been raised for a building, but it was not enough. This was not the worst, however. The Rector found a feeling existing in the minds of some of the clergy, that the whole was a failure and had better be given up.

To his utter horror, he was told that the two boys on whom he most relied, Pope and Whitney, had both complained of him as though all the troubles and difficulties were his fault. Duty seemed to call his dear friend, the Sub Warden, elsewhere, and naturally he felt less interest. The Rector put the question to two of the clergy, and they both said that they thought he would be more useful in parochial life and as a parish priest.

It was a great hurt to him, but most of all that the two boys on whom he had relied had been unfaithful. He said that if Pope said he was wrong, he must be, so he placed so much reliance on that boy.

Here, let me say, it was not so. Pope had never been disloyal, or said what was reported. The wish to have it so had discolored some remarks of his honestly and loyally made. Whitney's record was not quite so clear. The Rector, however, did not know this.

How dark everything looked. Dr. Cole stood by the Rector, but he knew not what to do.

Just then came a proposition quite unexpected.

40 miles away, on the banks of Lake Michigan, stood the beautiful buildings of Racine College.

For several years, the Rev. R. Park, D.D.,<sup>25</sup> had with varying success been carrying on a church college, so-called, at Racine. The buildings were admirable, though one of them was not finished off. The College was out of debt, but there were hardly any students, and with the prospect of almost none at all for the coming year.

The Rev. Dr. Park must be described, but he needs a special artist.

One of the best and most simple-minded of Christians. He certainly tried faithfully to do his duty. He was earnest and zealous in all that he undertook, and very steady and hard-working. He had graduated at West Point, been a Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and now had established a Church College, so-called, at Racine. In Theology, his faults were the faults of a school. It was modern Connecticut Churchmanship dilated! **[diluted?]** Poor temporizing Connecticut. A modern Connecticut Churchman seems to me like a man uncomfortably astraddle of a rail fence. The fence is a high one—no low mean affair, but thoroughly respectable, 6 bars in the least. The rail is sharp and cuts, but the Connecticut Churchman imagines it the most delightful of situations. With lofty contempt, he looks down on either side on Puseyite and Evangelical perfectly satisfied with himself and his position. His self-satisfaction is the melancholy part of it. How the ghost of Bishop Seabury must mourn over it. But I am not describing Dr. Park's Churchmanship. It had not the consistency of Connecticut Churchmanship. The truth is, it cannot be described. It was not a system at all. He called himself a Prayer Book Churchman. The poor Prayer Book! The judicious Hooker and Bishop Hobart what times they have. Of information, the Dr. possessed a great deal. He had a wonderful memory and read and studied well. He was thoroughly systematic, and yet his information was of the oddest and most uninteresting character. Of human nature, he knew but little, and was the last man fitted to have a charge of boys. No boy could have kept from playing tricks on him. It was impossible. A married friend of mine who ought to have outlived such youthfulness told me in confidence of one 4th of July when he had seen the Dr. for the first time, that had he had a pack of fire crackers, he could not have resisted tying them to his coat tail. His college could not succeed, worse than that, as he did not live with the scholars and every rule of prudence and care was unthought of, sin

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<sup>25</sup> Roswell Park (October 1, 1807-July 16, 1869). Born in Lebanon, Connecticut. A.B. Union College; United States Military Academy, West Point 1831. Lieutenant in the Army Corps of Engineers 1831-1836. Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania 1836-?. Deacon September 10, 1843 (H.U. Onderdonk). **Priest.** After serving as President of Racine College 1850-1859 and then Chancellor 1858-1863, he was rector of St. Luke's Church, Racine 1856-1863, and founder of Immanuel Hall, Lake View, Chicago from 1863 until his death. He wrote the text of the hymn "Jesus Spreads His Banner o'er Us."

and wickedness abounded, and the place was a pandemonium. And yet I must not do the Dr. injustice. He was simple-minded and pure-hearted. He was honestly working. He was living up to the light that he had. He meant to do right. Certainly his humility in placing the College in other hands was most commendable.

Dr. Clarkson<sup>26</sup> was Trustee both of Racine College and St. John's Hall. He first conceived the idea of a union. Him I shall not describe. Some day I mean to read him these memoirs, and it might be awkward. Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson either, compliment would fail me were I to begin, where so much is charming.

Just as matters were in the condition described, Dr. Clarkson wrote that Dr. Park desired a union of the two Colleges. The Rector was afraid. He felt the delicacy of slipping in and taking possession of Racine College. He could not agree to work under Dr. Park. It would have been fatal to any work. He felt, that unless Dr. Park really wished such a movement and that it was his desire to yield up his position, it could not be. So he declined having anything to do with the matter. But when Dr. Park came to Nashotah himself, and advised and urged it, when the Bishop approved and everyone else—when it looked like God's providence aiding us in difficulty—when even the separation from Nashotah which was the hardest part seemed like a decided advantage—at last the matter was arranged. The Trustees of St. John's Hall became part of the Board of Trustees of Racine College. The Warden of St. John's Hall—Rector of Racine College. Dr. Park, its Chancellor, with the duty of conferring degrees on Commencement Day, and the work was begun. St. Michael and All Angels' Day, 1859, was our last day at Nashotah. They laid the cornerstone of Nashotah Chapel that day, and it was our last service there. Five years of work were over. The parish school, the beautiful church, the dear Sub Warden, all of the old friends, many plans, the unaccomplished work, these all were said good bye to. It was only a journey of 40 miles, but it seemed like a long pilgrimage. Sept. 30th the Rector and the Students departed. They reached Racine at night, and for the first time together as soon as they arrived, celebrated the Service in Racine College Chapel. Racine College seemed at first like fairy-land. Those first days in the beautiful October weather seems in memory like one of those fair landscapes the painters paint. There is a kind of romantic feeling about it. Our hopes were very high. We hoped to have very many new scholars, and pay all our expenses. The \$2000 finished off Kemper Hall. A few of Dr. Park's old students returned and we were waiting for new ones. Better than this, the battle of discipline was over. The victory was won. Two or three of the worst students did not return. The rest, as one man, determined to obey. They were converted to the system. Strict and exact rules, far more strict and exact than were dreamed of at Nashotah, were adopted and obeyed without a murmur. The few old students of Dr. Park's were too few to object and all things began well. On St. Andrew's Day, Kemper Hall was formally opened and everything was in readiness.

May 13th, 1864

So far, I wrote perhaps three years ago, and now nearly five years have passed away since first we came to Racine, and many things have happened. Just to bring up this

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<sup>26</sup> Robert Goodloe Harper Clarkson (November 19, 1826-March 9, 1884). Racine DD 1856. Born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. College of St. James, Hagerstown, Maryland 1848. Deacon June 18, 1848; Priest (Whittingham). Rector of St. James Church, Chicago 1849-1865. Consecrated Missionary Bishop of Nebraska and the Dakotas November 15, 1865. Married May 8, 1849 to Meliora McPherson.

account so that a journal may be kept from day to day of the things which happened. Five years were passed at Nashotah, nearly the same time has gone by at Racine. Let me review the events.

Benjamin F. Fleetwood.<sup>27</sup>

There came to the college in those pleasant October days our first boys. Of course, we had brought scholars from Nashotah. There were four or five who had belonged to the ancient days of Racine, and who regarded the new system as some kind of conventional discipline, but this was the first new boy. He came from Chicago, a golden land for our hopes, full of mines of boys. Dr. Clarkson in his sanguine way had said we could have 40 from his parish and this was the first. He was the first fruit, the beginning as we deemed of a mighty harvest. Perhaps he was. A fine, handsome lad, who had never been away from home, and came from a luxurious household to our simple ways. He came too from plenty of brothers and sisters, and so with a good promise of homesickness. Alas, for our expectations, he was the only lad who came from Chicago that year, or at least from Dr. Clarkson's parish. It was God's will that we should perfect our system before our numbers greatly increased. B. F. Fleetwood became the centre of conflict. The Nashotah students were now thoroughly loyal and true-hearted, the few old Racines, although hardly daring to speak aloud in the subject, hated the whole system. Prayers and Services and all were to them a fearful arrangement. Who should gain the one new boy who represented the College that was to be. Should he be influenced by the new order of things, or not. The boy was good-hearted and affectionate, and his affections drew him toward the Nashotah students, but he had a dread of being made a Clergyman, whether he would or no, and this made him afraid of all these youths who were set apart for the Sacred Office and drove him the other way.

His father had said something about a desire that he entertained that he should become a Clergyman, and there had begun in the heart of the lad a struggle between God's grace and the Cross of Jesus drawing him one way, and the world another.

The world at one time seemed to conquer, but the two old Raciners most influential left the College, giving up the contest which was more or less unconscious on their part, and in the summer months of that collegiate year on the Vigil of St. James' Day, I think B.F.F. was confirmed. His mother just at the last refused to allow him to receive the Communion, and thus marred the work. Let me finish his history, so far as it goes.

He was our first boy and one I loved and loved well. From year to year, he went on until a year ago he graduated. He did not receive the Communion until a long time after his confirmation for when his mother was willing, as is too often the case, he had lost the desire. At last one Blessed Easter he made his first communion. There was no one, however, who seemed to be more unwilling to study for the ministry. He studiously denied that it was possible for him to be a clergyman. How strange is human nature. All this noisy talk was only a sign of the struggle going on within. More than this, as he grew in grace, he seemed to like better the thoughts of studying Holy Orders; a great dislike

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<sup>27</sup> Benjamin F. Fleetwood (August 1840-1923). Graduated Racine College 1863, Nashotah B.D. 1867. First curate of the Church of the Ascension, Chicago 1867-. Rector of Saint Mark's, Chicago (-). [B. Frank Fleetwood, D.D. non-parochial priest of the Diocese of Chicago. Died in Sycamore, Ill., February 24, 1923, aged 79 years].?

and eager declaration that he intended to do something else, was generally the sure mark of some step backward in his Christian course. In vacation he generally intended to pursue any study except that of Theology. In the long and steady work of term time his thoughts drew somberer and more earnest. He remained in the College a year or more after his graduation as a Tutor, and when a great affliction came upon his family, the work was done, and he honestly and manfully determined to become a Clergyman. He intends (DV)<sup>28</sup> to go to Nashotah next autumn. He was the first fruit of the college, or at least always seemed to me to be so, and it made me thankful that his life should be consecrated to the Priesthood. It is easy to write all this on paper. What I say does not represent all the long spiritual struggle on his part, all the defeat and all the victory, all the hope and all the disappointment on mine. The labor is not ended yet, though all seems hopeful now. May God bless and keep forever the first boy.

The next year brought success. The school was the fashion in Milwaukee. Everybody wanted to send boys. We had about 60 lads, a marvelous increase. We engaged two new teachers—Mr. Ed. Spalding<sup>29</sup> and Mr. Van Deusen.<sup>30</sup> The Curator rejoiced, the Trustees began to take a more decided interest. Visitors flocked in to see the establishment.

Aug. 24 1864.

The school has been 5 years in existence and soon will begin the sixth. Many have been its changes and chances, and trials; yet still by His mercy, it has succeeded. We now have almost 100 boys besides day scholars. The great trial was the fire of Jan. 15th, 1864, which burned down one of our buildings, and destroyed all the beautiful adornments of the Chapel.

Yet out of the evil, good begins to show itself. The building has been restored far better than before, and on August 17th, the cornerstone of St. John's Chapel was laid. We have two great blessings. The College has 12 Prefects, the officers I have labored for who have charge of all discipline among the boys and punish without reporting. This has succeeded. The very dormitories are governed by Prefects who make no reports and are as well governed as by teachers. We also have the Choral Service.

## Heads of the College

Burton  
Pope

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<sup>28</sup> *Deo volente*. Latin: God willing.

<sup>29</sup> Edward Bigelow Spalding (June 18, 1839-May 13, 1903). Born in Phelps, New York. Deacon November 4, 1870 (Kemper); Priest January 25, 1874 (H. J. Whitehouse for Wisconsin). Headmaster of Racine College Grammar School (); Curate at Trinity Church, San Francisco, California; Principal of Trinity School, San Francisco; Rector of St. John the Evangelist, San Francisco (); St. George's, Wakefield, Kansas ().

<sup>30</sup> Henry Hobart Van Deusen (-December 1, 1911). Hobart College, Geneva, B.A. 1859, M.A. 1862. Racine College class of 1870. Deacon 1870 (Armitage); Priest 1871 (Whitehouse). Geneva, Illinois 1870-72; Golden, Colorado 1872-1873; Palmyra, Missouri 1873-1874; Chicago, Illinois 1874-1875; Henry, Illinois 1875-1877; Paris, Illinois 1877-1882; Baldwin, Wisconsin 1882-1885; Superior, Wisconsin 1885-1889; Laramie, Wyoming 1889-1890; Emporia, Kansas 1890-1892; Alderley, Wisconsin 1892-; Rector of Emmanuel Church, Racine ()

Brainard<sup>31</sup>

I mean now to keep a journal, if I can, and write down collegiate events as they occur. I mean to tell all the little matters which strike me humorously, as I go on.

I feel greatly anxious if God will start some other work besides the College. Old Mrs. Christie who walks 12 miles from Raymond Town to receive the Holy Communion here presents herself as a desirable candidate for a house for aged women. We also desire a Sisterhood and an Orphanage. Pastor Fleedner fills me with ambition.<sup>32</sup>

Today Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Wheeler drove over to Raymond town. They took a buggy from the livery stable and big Burton to drive and a nice lunch of roast chicken and coffee and started on their self-denying labors. They found Mrs. Christie wretchedly off and just the Candidate. The poor old soul has a featherbed of goose feathers, which she has since with great earnestness promised to leave me when she dies. This was inspected by the active sisters of charity. \$300 I have to begin the home. Mr. and Mrs. Bemto are desirable candidates and Mrs. Colt will fund us, I am sure, two soldiers' orphans.

August 21, 1864. Trouble comes about the Prefects.

I hear one of them has smoked. I hear it in such a way that it is difficult to ask him frankly whether he did or not. O tobacco! what a nuisance thou art, what shall I do as a general rule.

Forbid tobacco or allow tobacco

If the former,

Shall I dismiss every boy that breaks the law twice, or wink at disobedience?

The last is inadmissible, the former hard; but I think the former it must be.

When I get my college building, I will not forbid it for the college students.

One thing is certain—you cannot break a boy of using tobacco by rules against it. The Draft worries us. Six here are liable, and I have been to Milwaukee to get exempt on account of near-sightedness—in vain. I must write down while I remember it, a funny story of the dear Bishop's.

Riding on the cars—the following dialogue:

Stranger: "Are you a minister of the Gospel?"

Bishop: "I am Bishop Kemper."

Stranger: "Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church?"

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<sup>31</sup> Charles Boardman Brainard (August 18, 1846-September 6, 1890). Racine B.A. 1867.

<sup>32</sup> Theodor Fliedner (January 21, 1800 in Epstein-October 4, 1864 in Kaiserswerth) was a Lutheran pastor, social reformer and originator of the deaconess movement in continental Protestantism. His work was admired by Anglicans in England and the United States, and served as a template on which to base similar attempts to begin women's ministry. See Catherine Winkworth (trans.), *Life of Pastor Fliedner of Kaiserswerth*. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1867; Marie Gallison. *The Ministry of Women: One Hundred Years of Women's Work at Kaiserwerth, 1836-1936*. London: Lutterworth Press, 1936. It is interesting that DeKoven mentions Fliedner at this stage of the journal. An article entitled "Deaconesses, or Sisters" on Fliedner's work at Kaisersweith appeared in the July, 1862 issue of *The American Quarterly Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register*, pp. 617-634.

Bishop: "God forbid!"<sup>33</sup>

Another worry comes in the shape of a servant of light manners who wanders about and tries to attract the boys. Fatty Kean and another have been seen following her. She goes tomorrow. I wish all the lusts of the flesh would go with her! Whether to dismiss McKey<sup>34</sup> or not who has been chewing tobacco, and is reported by the Prefects is a serious question.

Sept. McKey's wickedness fades away in the light of Kean's, and Barker's enormities. Since I last wrote, they have gone away. I dismissed them. Barker has been sitting down with his arm around a woman from the camp. It is the first offence of the kind we have had of which I have been aware. (I hear now of one five years ago). I had to go thru an interview with Mrs. Barker. Poor soul, but I stayed firm. It will be communion Sunday tomorrow, and the boys come for three nights to see me,—an opportunity for confession. I toil along with the boys and grope in the dark.

I suppose I do wrong in ten thousand ways. I am certain that even wrong in such matters, God of his goodness will make right. If His Glory be the motive, but that is the trouble, one is often not sure of their intentions.

Since writing the word confession, Dan Wheeler, a lad I like much, a weekly communicant, has been here. He stayed away last week. I asked him his reason. It is evidently something he ought to tell me, but he refuses and goes, alas, alas!—I remember Stafford Smith similarly and continued it. Only received one communion again before he died. Of course, I do not forbid him the Holy Communion, which is not what it ought to be.

A bad storm and another trouble. The girl who has attracted Barker has prowled in the rain up to the cemetery, and five or six have been talking with her. Two have kissed her. She is only sixteen and had another with her only twelve. The poor father came up to see me on Monday. I trust the boys have done no wrong beyond what I wrote.

The Rev. Mr. Martin of Terre Haute<sup>35</sup> visits me today. There is almost always some company here, but I manage to keep my evenings to myself. Old Mrs. Christie passed Sunday here. She says she would come and live down here, if she could get out to the Lord's House thereby. She says she prays for the college night and morning. That must help us and protect. We need it in these sad times.

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<sup>33</sup> This appears to have been a popular frame for humorous anecdotes. William Ingraham Kip records the following conversation, supposed to have taken place in an insane asylum in 1854 in Stockton, California:

"Who is he?"

"He's a Bishop."

"What sort of a Bishop? A Methodist?"

"No; an Episcopal Bishop."

"I'm glad of it. If he had been a Methodist Bishop, I should have had to kill him. I'm commanded to kill all the Methodists."

William Ingraham Kip, *The Early Days of My Episcopate*. New York: Thomas Whittaker, 1892, p. 121.

<sup>34</sup> Henry McKey (). Racine B.A. 1867.

<sup>35</sup> Thomas Mills Martin (December 2, 1833-January 15, 1870). Born in Philadelphia. Deacon July 12, 1857; Priest July 12, 1857 (Alfred Lee). Rector of St. Peter's Church, Lewes, Delaware September 13, 1857-January 12, 1859; Trinity Church, Philadelphia January 30, 1859-June 1, 1862; St. Mark's, Philadelphia June 8, 1862-January 1, 1863; Immanuel Church, Newcastle, Delaware September 6, 1863-March 27, 1864; St. Stephen's Church, Terre Haute, Indiana, April 22, 1864-1870.

Sept. 19th, my birthday. I spent yesterday at Beloit and came home this morning. I felt not very well, and was forlorn, thinking if one had a family more would be made of the occasion. Ungrateful—after dinner all the Prefects came to congratulate me, the boys cheered me outside and lo and behold, a very nice set of Shakespeare as a birthday present from “my family.” I was very much pleased, and very thankful. I had to give an evening holiday. Luther Pardee<sup>36</sup> brought a pretty bookmark he had made himself. All the boys were greatly gratified at their own loyalty and it did me good and them also.

Mr. Spalding is here from St. Paul’s School, Concord. He gives glowing accounts of the system there, the gentle manliness of the boys. They never chew tobacco. They never break bounds. They have there the Monitorial system. I mean the system of teachers everywhere. They have a better class of boys to begin with. The homes they come from are better, but I do not think it is a school as large as ours, it being twice as large as St. Paul’s. (And our system), the same *níceness* is to be expected.

Oct. 6th.—I am in for a boat ride. I wish I were not.

It is some time since I last wrote. Little Sperry has been very ill with typhoid pneumonia. In his wanderings he revealed a favorite joke of the boys. “See that yellow and white dog,” he said, “we shall have hash for breakfast.” He was very ill indeed, but it pleased God to raise him up again. We have also, so far, escaped the draft. Mrs. Christie says she prayed all the time that we might. We have now discovered another row. Some of the boys have got up by night when we thought them safely sleeping and gone out. Stolen apples—the prefects found out this mischief. They actually, unprompted by anyone, sat up one night in order to detect the offenders. Still they discovered nothing. The whole iniquity has come out, by one curious part of our system. The Headmaster exhorted them on the sin of stealing, and they came and confessed. I hear a characteristic story of Dr. Park. Miss L. was staying at Immanuel Hall—one of the boys, as boys will, fell in love with her and gazed at her during the service. Suddenly the Dr. paused, the congregation was silent. “John Brown,” quoth the Dr., “what is done in public must be reformed in public—look at your prayer book and stop looking at Miss L.”

May 11th, 1865—Middletown, Conn.

What a time has passed away, since I last wrote, and so many things have happened. It is more than a half year since I last wrote. The spring vacation is half through. I leave tomorrow to return to the West.

What a half year it has been. Confederacy has fallen. Thank God!! Lee has surrendered and Richmond is taken. Shall I forget that Choral Service the Monday that Richmond was taken? The Psalter was Psalm 23. The first lesson, the preparation for the taking of Jericho, and what an amen the boys shouted, after the thanksgiving for

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<sup>36</sup> Luther Pardee (February 25, 1848?-). Racine B.A. 1870, M.A. 1874. Deacon 1874 (Robertson); Priest 1876 (McLaren). Calvary Church, Chicago 1874-1885; St. Paul’s, Austin, Illinois 1891-1898; Dean of the Cathedral of Ss. Peter and Paul, Chicago, 1899-1903; St. Paul’s, Glencoe, Illinois 1904-.



victory.<sup>37</sup> The pans and kettles and old muskets adorned an extempore procession after tea and the lads went up to Senator Doolittle's<sup>38</sup> to get a speech out of him. Silas Wright, the youth, who is afflicted with fits, came out telling the boys you are sold, boys, father's downtown. But Saturday in Holy Week what a day of horror it was when the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination reached us. The Easter was a sad one for the land and us elders, but not even the assassination could keep the boys from enjoying the breakfast, and the colored eggs and the Easter dinner. Black crepe bows for the surplices and white and black cockades for all were an alleviation to their sorrows.

The prospect of a vacation and the end of examinations and a good dinner would alleviate any sorrows to boys. Still they really felt it, and were horror-stricken enough at first, but boy-like they soon reacted.

Now, for the college.

We moved Mrs. Christie down to a little house near the college, and called her our aged and infirm asylum. An old man was also taken in. He had been bookkeeper to a cook in some English Collegiate establishment, and is regarded by the people at the College as a literary character.

He and Mrs. Christie are the antipodes of one another religiously. She is always at Chapel. He will not come except Sunday night. She has her faculties. He is as deaf as a post. They are neither of them agreeable people. It is well, however, to remember that there is nothing romantic about charities when you come to do them, and the aged, except when they are really good and keep themselves clean, and have the hoary head for a crown of glory, are especially unlovely.

Mrs. Christie, however, although she is fearfully dirty, I quite like. Indeed, I should be very ungrateful not to, as she has promised to leave me at her death a certain featherbed of goose feathers on which now she herself reposes.

The good lady called to see Mrs. Wheeler recently in regard to certain yards of muslin which she had laid aside in some corner for her shroud. She designated the exact spot where it was deposited that Mrs. Wheeler might find it in case of her departure and concluded the solemn announcement by asking whether Mrs. W. thought there was enough material to allow her to cut a pair of undersleeves!

The little children go and help her brush up her room and she is almost always in Chapel. The constant attendance a little confuses the old lady, and she sometimes forgets which is Sunday, but I trust it is all bringing her nearer amidst the weakness and infirmity which attend it, to the blessed company she will one day join.

The old man is not so promising, and I am afraid must have led a careless life.

We are going to build a little house for Mrs. Christie. Dr. Due jocosely proposes that we should call it Hermitory St. Barnabas or St. Lucy's, and by and by have a row of them.

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<sup>37</sup> Richmond fell on April 2, 1865, a Sunday. Psalm 23 does not appear in the Prayer Book Psalter until the fourth day of each month at Evening Prayer, so it is unclear what system of recitation DeKoven was following.

<sup>38</sup> James Rood Doolittle (1815-1897). He served as chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Indian Affairs in the West and Southwest, and as Republican senator from Wisconsin from 1857-1869. Defeated in his campaign for governor of the state in 1871, he worked until his death as a lawyer in Chicago. The DAB notes that his voice was so powerful that "he could address 20,000 persons with success."

The college flourishes. The Rev. Mr. Dean has become Professor of Latin and Greek,<sup>39</sup> and the number of scholars has been larger than ever. The Prefects have flourished and done well. That Prefect who smoked ended his career in a sadly unsatisfactory way which greatly disappointed me. I am afraid he was amongst the bottom. The smoking was a straw which showed, etc.

Our Chapel was opened on Christmas Day and we put our choir into Surplices. 32 in all. It has been beautiful to follow the long Procession into Chapel and hear the grand old hymns peal out as they walked up the aisle. The choral service has greatly improved.

There was, of course, some fuss about surplices,<sup>40</sup> but less than was to be expected, and when we held a convocation of the college on the Feast of the Purification<sup>41</sup> with the Bishop and many Clergy, all were delighted.

We also have introduced a billiard table and this made talk among the righteous—overmuch. If they knew as much as I do about boys, they would correspond with any amusement, however, innocent, to save the poor children from the dreadful temptations which beset them, if unamused and unemployed. More boys were confirmed this half year than ever before, and on Easter Day, forty-three knelt at the Altar to receive the Blessed Eucharist. There is much to be thankful for. There are long histories I might write, but it does not do to write a journal once in a half year.

July 5, 1865.

Five weeks of the present half are nearly gone. It is pleasant summer weather again. We have a beautiful flower bed on the south side of the Chapel, and it is very nice and refined. On Trinity Sunday I went to Nashotah and preached the ordination Sermon. Willie, Bellam,<sup>42</sup> Vernor and Whitney were ordained. When one has long looked forward to an event and long anticipated it, how when it comes your feelings do not correspond to the occasion. I was very thankful, but was not much moved after all. The services were delightful and the day most lovely. On the Sunday after, Whitney and Vernor officiated at the College and the former preached. On that day, I appointed Rowley a Prefect. A year ago, he got out of bed on the night of the 4th and went to the Junction. One year makes great changes in a lad. St. Claire's Hall in Kenosha is in operation and Mrs. Crawford and Miss Cox take care of it.<sup>43</sup> Miss Cox and the two boarders spent yesterday here. Today

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<sup>39</sup> George Washington Dean, July 4, 1828-March 29, 1887. Columbia 1853. Deacon March 8, 1857; Priest February 24, 1858 (H. Potter). Professor of Latin, St. Stephen's College, Annandale, March 22, 1857. Rector of Christ Church, Ballston Spa, New York, March 3, 1858-September 21, 1864. Professor of Latin and Greek at Racine December 10, 1864-June 30, 1872. Rector of Zion Parish, Freeport, Illinois August 25, 1872-June 30, 1874; St. Stephen's, Schuylerville, October 24, 1875-September, 1880. Professor of Ancient Languages at St. Agnes' School and Chancellor of All Saints Cathedral, Albany, 1880-1887.

<sup>40</sup> As late as 1866 Bishop Manton Eastburn protested against the use of the surplice by the rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston: *A Letter on Surpliced Choirs*, by James Aaron Bolles, D.D. (New York: Published at the Office of the Church Monthly, 1869).

<sup>41</sup> February 2

<sup>42</sup> Thomas Lloyd Bellam (November 1839). Born in Ireland. Racine B.A. 1862, Nashotah B.D. 1865. Deacon 1865 (Kemper) Priest ?. Principal of Jarvis Hall Collegiate School, Golden, Colorado (1874-); Rector of Calvary Church, Golden, Colorado (1875-). St. James, Wadsworth, Nevada. Married Eliza Maria Hubbard February 14, 1867 in Plymouth, Ohio.

<sup>43</sup> The school's name was changed to "Kemper Hall" in 1865. Sister Mary Hilary, CSM. *Ten Decades of Praise: The Story of the Community of Saint Mary During its First Century: 1865 to 1965*, pp 116-118.

Frank Curtiess<sup>44</sup> has to go home on account of the death of his grandmother. The poor child felt dreadfully. Willie Pope has gone to be rector of Waukesha. God bless him!

Nov. 29th. Day after tomorrow the school will open for another year. The numbers have already increased, and we expect about 130 boarders. The last half was a pleasant and good one on the whole. There was one painful and touching event. A day scholar named Appleton Hall<sup>45</sup> was preparing for his first communion. He had been confirmed the previous Sunday, but one, and was to receive the Holy Communion on the First Sunday in October. I had been to Waukesha to be present at the ordination of Mr. Pope to the Priesthood. On Sunday afternoon I drove up in the pleasant autumn afternoon to Nashotah with the Bishop and Dr. Cole. I was pained and shocked to hear of the sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Fryer,<sup>46</sup> whom I knew very well, and whose labors in building the little Chapel at Pine Lake had interested me. He had been married but four weeks to one of my old parish school children when he suddenly died. My mind was full of the thought of sudden death. In consequence of being away on Saturday evening, I had been unable to give the class preparing for communion their usual lecture. On Tuesday morning immediately after morning chapel at a somewhat unusual time, I asked them to stay that I might talk to them. I felt a little anxious about the seriousness of preparation in the case of some of them, and talked to them very earnestly. At the close of the lecture remembering Mr. Fryer's case, I dwelt upon the possibility of sudden death. They went to school. Young Hall went down as usual, went down alone to the Lake to bathe from his father's house, and how, we knew not, was drowned. His clothes were found upon the shore and that was all. The father, an unusually nervous and excitable man, was almost distracted.<sup>47</sup> The mother, quiet and calm, perhaps suffered the more, a little possibly the most. The lake tossed and raged. It is a cruel lake. The boys in the college boat strove to find the body, but in vain. This was Tuesday. The lake continued stormy and mostly people had given up the hope of recovering it. The friends strangely enough did not wish it to be found. It pleased them to have a strange fancy, as if God had taken the body to Himself, and buried it. The House was close to the lake and the spot where he had gone to bathe nearby. It must have been dreadful those days to hear the waves lapping and dashing with the thought that each one might dash up on the shore the lifeless form. At last the Sunday of the first communion came. It was beautiful and still. At length the cruel lake was calm. The boys assembled in Chapel as usual, and all but him and one other knelt before the Altar in the Presence of the Redeemer. Just at the same time, or nearly so, the Lake tossed up the dead boy upon the shore. Straightway the town was all excitement. The curious rushed to look. The bank was so high that after the body had been placed in the coffin, it could not be carried up to the house, and so the boys took it in their boat, a sad burden, down to the harbor. At first possessed of a strange horror, the friends, did not wish it to be brought to the house, but better counsels prevailed, and so

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<sup>46</sup> John Langley Green Fryer (1839-September 21, 1865) Graduated from Nashotah House, May, 1865; married in August of the same year, died in September. He was the founding rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Nashotah, whose chancel he was instrumental in building, and in whose churchyard he was buried. He had married Minna Schuchardt of Pine Lake.

<sup>47</sup> i.e. "having, or showing, great mental disturbance or perplexity," OED.

when the afternoon was nearly gone and the sun was going down, the funeral procession started for the cemetery close by the College.

The boys were waiting drawn up in long array and in front the white robed choristers. The evening was very beautiful, the western sky was all aglow with rosy light. The Lake lay to the east of the road, calm and placid as though appeased, and in the east the moon shed that half light which is so beautiful before the day vanishes. On moved the procession. They sang "Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness" and then "out of the deep," and as they entered the graveyard, sweetly in harmony, "The Lord is my Shepherd."<sup>48</sup> The daylight faded more and more, the surpliced boys in the pale moonlight seemed to lose their earthliness and to resemble the white robed ones above, and as they sang at the close of all from memory "Softly now the light of day,"<sup>49</sup> it seemed beautiful and peaceful beyond all words. There was so much of calm and quiet after the stormy week, and the restless lake and the chill horror of finding the body.

In less than three weeks, I was called upon to officiate at the funeral of the little sister. The parents had gone to Hilton Head the previous winter. They had left the boy and his sister to keep house with a servant. Appleton (that was his Christian name) had shown great prudence and good behaviour, the youngest sister, I suppose needed motherly care; at any rate—she contracted some disease. I believe a spinal disorder. I suppose possibly she might never have recovered at any rate, but she never held her head up after her brother's death. They were laid side by side and in death were not divided.

Let me pass from grave to gay. I am not fond of Martin Luther. I was telling the little boys about the four archangels and last of all of Lucifer who fell from Heaven. Up goes Charley Miles' hand. Charley is a fat boy from Indiana. "Well, Charley?" "Wasn't there a man named Lucifer who once founded a church?" He meant the worthy Reformer. Another boy, whose parents are Presbyterians, amazed a young teacher about the same time by altering the Creed as follows: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Presbyterian Church," and on being reproved for this heretical enunciation declared that his father had told him to stand up for his own Church, if he got expelled for it. We only laughed and laughed him out of it.

The boys were reciting a catechism which contained the following question: What is the crowning bliss and joy of heaven? The answer was the beatifical Vision. Beatifical was a hard word, and the youthful mind refused to learn and remember it. At last Millet "signaled" as Dickens wittily expresses the well-known motion of school children.<sup>50</sup> "I know," he says, "it is the Beastifical vision." In a list of offences against one of the Commandments, Polytheism was enumerated. Polly was too much for the boys, who, I thought, knew well enough, asked with the intention of making a laugh, what was Polly Theism. I replied with great solemnity that it was Mary olatory, a Theological joke which gave pleasure to no one but myself as the boys did not understand it.<sup>51</sup>

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<sup>48</sup> These are the first lines of Psalms 51, 130 and 23, respectively.

<sup>49</sup> Hymn by George Washington Doane (May 27, 1799-April, 1859), Bishop of New Jersey. *Softly Now the Light of Day* is from his influential collection *Songs by the Way* (1824).

<sup>50</sup> It has proven impossible to locate the source of this allusion.

<sup>51</sup> *A Manual of Instruction for Confirmation Classes*, prepared by the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., to which is added, by Permission, a Catechism on Confirmation, by the Rev. James De Koven, D.D. New York: E & J.B. Young, 1867, p. 88: "Q. What sins are forbidden by the First Commandment? A. Atheism, Polytheism, Sorcery, Superstition, Pride, Presumption, Despair, Heresy, and Schism." DeKoven's catechism is on pages 71-100.

It shows how Infidel literature is read that the same Millett who is mentioned above, and who is a day scholar, came to me to borrow for his father's reading (it having been recommended to him) Renan's "Life of Jesus"<sup>52</sup> and "Bishop Colenso."<sup>53</sup> I told him the character of the books and sent Ellicott's "Life of Christ"<sup>54</sup> instead. The term closed and Commencement was marred by storm and rain. The day after when the boys went away was very beautiful, and they sang *Dulce Dulce Domum*<sup>55</sup> with great spirit at the front door, and went their ways.

The contrast between the noise and bustle of so many full of eager talk the moment before they leave and the quiet which comes over all the moment they go, is very striking. We heard of poor Mrs. Keene's death the day before the close.<sup>56</sup>

The General Convention closed its session early the next week, and on my way East, I heard of Dr. Clarkson's election to the Bishopric of Nebraska. I hurried back from the East to be present at his consecration which took place in his own Church. It was a very imposing and beautiful service. May God bless him and help him. He has always been a good friend to the College. One of his first works, he tells me, is to try and found a similar College at Omaha, and he wants the Head Master, he says, for the first Rector.

Isaac Taylor,<sup>57</sup> one of our Trustees, is dead. He came to this country a poor lad and was a bootblack, then an ostler,<sup>58</sup> and at last amassed a huge fortune, said to be \$400,000 or \$500,000. He had no children. I have often talked to him about building a Hall for the sons of the Clergy in connection with the College. He kept putting it off. In his last illness, he wished to see me, but I was in the East. He however made his wife promise that she would carry out his intentions. He wished 20 acres to be bought, and the whole thing to be endowed. He seemed however to speak to her of only an Orphan Asylum.

Tomorrow I go to see her about it. May God give us both wisdom and prudence.

We are making great improvements in the Chapel. It has been painted in polychrome and floor and aisle and sanctuary are of black walnut and oak. There are four memorial windows, one in memory of Frank Falley,<sup>59</sup> the only boy who has died at the school; one in memory of my old friend, Mr. Etheridge, who died doing his duty as a

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<sup>52</sup> Joseph Ernest Renan (1823-1892) was an archaeologist and failed seminarian who repudiated the supernatural dimensions of the life of Jesus Christ. He based his arguments on German biblical criticism, and precipitated a significant religious controversy. His *Vie de Jésus* saw its first English translation in London, 1864.

<sup>53</sup> John William Colenso (1814-1883). As First Bishop of Natal in 1853, provoked controversy by allowing polygamists to receive baptism. After rejections of traditional scriptural interpretation in a commentary on Romans (1861) and *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (first issued, 1862), Colenso was deposed by Bishop Robert Gray of Cape Town, Metropolitan of South Africa. The ensuing controversy was among the precipitous causes of the first Lambeth Conference in 1867. See J. Guy, *The Heretic: A Study of the Life of John William Colenso* (Pietermaritzburg, 1983).

<sup>54</sup> Charles John Ellicott (1819-1905) was Bishop of Gloucester. He was the author of *Historical Lectures on the Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859*.

<sup>55</sup> Winchester Hymn, whose simple lyrics have been translated as "Home Sweet Home." John Reading, composer of a familiar tune of *Adeste Fideles*, is alleged to be the author. See E. Cobham Brewer, *The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. 1894.

<sup>56</sup>

<sup>57</sup> Isaac Taylor (-1865)

<sup>58</sup> i.e. stable attendant.

<sup>59</sup>

Priest far away in California and sleeps beneath the Altar of the Church he built; and two others. Some plain windows do for the rest for the time being.

Nov. 29, 1865. A little house has been built for the servants, and in it a room for Mrs. Christie; and a skating pond prepared. So I leave my record for tonight to begin again—when?

Dec. 11, 1865. A slight matter which strikes me pleasantly I will note.

The first of June last his father brought the school a very nice lad, Edward Larrabee.<sup>60</sup> He has been well brought up and properly trained by a Christian father and mother. In this respect, he is a rare exception. People will never realize until they have to see boys, and know the marvelous power of a religious home. Family prayers and Sunday catechizings and watchful Christian tenderness and Sunday Church-going, regular and exact, shield boys from grosser sin and shelter them with the wings of unseen angels. The lad is an exception in another way. His father really destines him for the ministry. Every boy who comes here is meant for business. They cannot even go through college. No one thinks of the priesthood, the whole generation worships Mammon. I think it is the result of the father's wishes that the little fellow's instrumental music lessons are on the melodeon instead of the piano.

It is a very dark night tonight and as I went out, I found old Mrs. Christie wandering about having lost her way—but there was a faint gleam from the Chapel windows. I went to the Chapel. Quite alone practicing his music sat Edward. There was just enough light to lighten up the part around him, but the shadows were dark and heavy and a little distance away. It pleased me to see him thus alone in the Chapel. Perhaps the shadow of the great cross over the rood screen fell upon him. Who knows what sweet thoughts the blessed Angels which guard the Altar may have put into his heart. It may be the Unseen Presence of Him Whose House it is which came nearer and nearer to him. Perhaps the imperfect melodies he made were made full of deepest harmony by his Guardian Angel and wafted upward.

It is hard to convey an impression by writing, but when I was a boy, I think I should have been afraid at being alone in the Chapel by night, but he smiled so sweetly and looked so innocent that I cannot but hope even as I pray that so he may dwell in God's House all thru his life, ever making sweet melody.

Ernest Smith is the brother of one of my little boys, and cannot be more than eight years old. His family is the very opposite of Edward Larrabee's. I picked up in the room a scrap of a letter of Ernest's to Perry which I transcribe verbatim et literatim.

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<sup>60</sup> Edward Allan Larrabee (March 31, 1852-June 13, 1924). Racine B.A. 1873; M.A. 1876; General Seminary S.T.B. 1876. Deacon 1876, Priest 1877 (W. E. McLaren); D.D. Nashotah, 1909. Rector of St. John's, Quincy, Illinois (1876-1879); Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Springfield, Illinois (1879-1884); Rector of Church of the Ascension, Chicago, Illinois (June 1, 1884-1909). Author of *Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament for the Sick* (1896). Dean of Nashotah House from 1909-1921; Associate priest at Ascension, Chicago from 1921 to his death. Superior-General of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament 1887-1890; Superior of the Guild of All Souls—1924. George E. DeMille notes that “under Edward Larrabee, a saint, but neither administrator nor disciplinarian, a period of near-anarchy ensued” at Nashotah.

I have a Fight with lee and Eddey ands eddy has a hole in his cheak that i made when i was Fighteing him. i am a scrape all the time i willey Mc Cormic going to lick him, papa has gone to New York we are very lonesome without you and papa.

Erney Smith

Misses Jones on the corner is dead.

I have had a visit from one of the old boys today. Edward Hall.<sup>61</sup> He is very fond of the college and seems to regard it as a second home. Alas for one's pleasant fancies. Edward Larrabee, the very next day after I had written the above petitioned Mrs. Machin for leave to practice in the day time as somebody has frightened him by beating a tin pan outside of the Chapel.

I should add also an extract of a letter received from Mr. Larrabee written when I fancy he was a little excited. It had some show of reason, although not as much as he fancied.

"I think the treatment unfair and unbearable and I cannot consent to the longer continuance of such a state of affairs. The boy is with you to be educated, not to be made a chorister. And I expect in justice to him and myself, as well as for the reputation of the school, that the intention shall be carried out."

I am glad to be able to see beyond these little contretemps to the reality which exists in both boy and father.

I will give an account of Christmas which has just gone by. It may be our last Christmas as we think of changing the vacations. The parents all send presents for their sons to be placed on the Christmas tree. The college provides a cornucopia for each boy and a small present besides for each Nashotah student. I myself make a present to every boy and every member of the family. For the week before Christmas, the express is full of packages and boxes laden with sweets and solids for the boys. The college alone provided this year nearly 100 pounds of candy. Mrs. Moore, who is the best of matrons with a gentleness and unselfishness I have never seen equaled, devotes herself to the work of seeing that while the boys get their goodies, they do not overeat. She encourages them in the most lavish generosity and darts appealing glances at me if I ever refuse any gift some more liberal youth is disposed to bestow upon me. If she herself in a spirit of similar charity eats all they offer her, I am sure she will die of some fearful disorder of the stomach. Mrs. Moore is a widow and has had a son, but husband and son are gone, and she devoted herself to the care of the sick before she came here. She came almost by *accident*. I blush as I write the word because I know it was by God's good Providence to us. She never tires in her care of the boys by day and night. She never wearies when they are sick; never is vexed when they are unreasonable; never complains of her work, and what is more unusual, never talks or makes much of what she does. She is thoroughly unselfish. In consequence, the boys love her more than anyone else in the establishment. Big boys who ordinarily object to a woman's fussing over them obey her slightest wish and put on their jackets, or get up off the ground when she desires them, with a readiness almost unknown to boys.

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<sup>61</sup> Edward Hall ()

My 3-5th Form Prefects whom I greatly love, make me sometimes a little jealous because they go to her room so much more readily than they come to me.

Rumsey

Rowley

Merriam

They gave me their picture as a Christmas present, and it stands by my side as I write. I must stop a moment to describe them.

Rumsey has been here several years, and is now the head of the Grammar School. I think him a very fine lad. There is not much to describe. I never think a boy's training complete until he behaves well, and is as careful at home during vacation as when here. Rumsey has never yet attained to this. I fear he will leave at the end of this year, but I hope not.

Rowley I have spoken of before. He is a more thoughtful boy than Rumsey, more religious, but not as attractive. I feel sure, however, of his future.

Of the three, Merriam is the one I have most hopes of and perhaps the most love for. Although it is hard to say which I like the best. He has a mind superior to the others, and is one of those bright, quick boys that one likes to teach,—for my part, I wish him to be a Priest. I think he feels within him the sound of that marvellous voice which calls and kicks against the pricks.

They are all communicants and Prefects.

To go on with Christmas.

Late the night before some of the teachers fill the stockings. Each boy pins a stocking or pillow case to the curtain of his alcove. They try to be awake, but rarely succeed. Some, however, discover the teachers, and have marvellous tales to tell in the morning. They boil over with excitement. Almost vain are the efforts of the Prefects to keep order in the morning although such is their general discipline that the disorder is very slight. There is early service in the Chapel. The choir have the privilege of a cup of coffee beforehand. Merry Christmas breaks from every lip and is shouted in all tones from every quarter, and greets you unexpectedly at every turn. There is a kind of rivaling to see which shall do it first. The Chapel is gleaming with lights. The little boys are full of curiosity to see the splendid trimming. The sixth form and the college students, whose handiwork it is, rest satisfied in the superior consciousness of knowing all about it. Clean and white are the surplices. The procession moves from the robing room. "Be present ye faithful"<sup>62</sup> bursts from their lips. The Candles on the altar glow. The greens hang heavily and gracefully. The first gleam of daylight struggles in through the windows,—loud swell the carols. The boys stand all through the service.

The first lesson tells of the shepherds and Bethlehem. The second of the Bride, the Lamb's wife and the unceasing Alleluias of Heaven. The creed sounds forth, both the Collects are intoned, and the Sanctus rises to heaven.

Then comes breakfast which is usually noisy. Then First Service. At 11 is the communion office with the sermon.

I will write the sermon preached on Christmas Day. The confirmation class was to be formed shortly afterwards.

Text

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<sup>62</sup> *Adeste fideles.*



It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Christmas Day is a day on which you all receive a great deal. I need not remind you of all the pleasant gifts which loving friends bestow upon you. Your hearts are full of expectations for them. You know why they are given. It is to remind you of the greatest gift of all, the gift of our dear Lord who was on this day born of a pure Virgin. Christ is born today in Bethlehem. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace good will toward men. This is the burden of our Christmas rejoicing. This the angels sing in heaven, and we are to fitly re-echo it. Consider what the Gift is. The Eternal Son of God the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. Light of Light, God of God, Very God of Very God,—who from all eternity dwelt in the Person of His Father's Majesty, came down from Heaven and was made man of a woman that we might secure the adoption of sons. He took upon Himself not any individual man, but the very beginning and original of our common Human nature, and thus for-ever sanctified our nature. He became the Second Adam, the Second Head of our race that as in Adam all die, in Him the Second Adam all men might be made alive. But how made alive! By being grafted into Him, by being made one with Him in Holy Baptism, by becoming members of Him, Children of God and forever heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Thus His Birth which took place more than 1800 years ago is as it were forever repeated because each child who is Baptized reaps anew its enduring blessings. So we keep Christmas Day not simply to commemorate an event long past and gone, but always to remind us that the blessing then first given is a perpetual gift to a fallen and a ruined race.

Christmas day then is a Day on which we receive very much. The gift forever given of the Dear Lord Jesus Christ, our own loving Savior. If then we receive so much on Christmas Day and the text says it is more blessed to give than to receive, must there not be some day more blessed even than it.

Listen to me while I tell you how Christmas Day may become the most blessed of all days.

It was Christmas in Nicodemia. The Queen that day in honor of the high festival laid aside the robes of her widowhood and put on all her costly apparel and royal array. Happy was the young prince for every one had done their utmost to make him happy. Even Praxetetes, the Prime Minister, who had so many cares that he never smiled, had smiled quietly on him that fair morning, and had brought him a noble gift. Old and young had sent him some token of their love and honor. One room of the Palace was well nigh filled with the costly and beautiful gifts. But most of all he valued his mother's present because she had given him a cross of snow white pearls with a red ruby in the centre. The white pearls to show the spotless innocence of Christ and the red ruby to show the sorrowful Passion. As the young prince stood in the midst of his beautiful presents, and the mother by his side there came a shade of sadness over his face. Why art thou sad, my child, said his mother. See, she exclaimed, all these beautiful gifts. What more do you wish? Ah, mother, he answered, it is because I have so much that I feel unhappy. I remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive. A tear trembled in her eye and she took him by the hand and led him to a balcony of the palace which overlooked the city. She pointed downwards. In the street below a girl poorly clad was shivering with cold and gathering here and there what she might find for a fire. In a moment the young prince withdrew his hand, and hastened back to the

room where his gifts were. He called to some to help him. He filled his own arms and the arms of his attendants and hastened down into the city. From house to house he sent—wherever there was anyone poor or desolate or wretched—there he gave his gifts away until at last nothing was left except the ruby cross, his mother’s present. He stood by the bedside of a dying child. It stretched forth its wasted hand attracted by the snow white pearls and the ruby red, or perchance, in the midst of its suffering longing to seize the Blessed Symbol of a Savior’s love. In the wasted hand he laid his mother’s gift and went his way.

Back to the Palace he came and stood once more at his mother’s side. Still upon his brow was the shade of sadness. Why art thou sad, my child? You have given to the Lord all of your gifts, now you should rejoice and be of a thankful heart. Ah, mother dear, he said, it weighs upon my soul those words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it is more Blessed to give than to receive.

Just then the bells of the great Cathedral—clang, clang—rang out for the morning service. Old and young, rich and poor, high and low, came from hovel and palace to worship the Adorable Saviour. The Bishop was on his throne, around him was the crowd of Presbyters, Deacon and Sub deacon and youthful Acolytes. All were in their appointed place. The silver vessels sparkled on the altar, fair gleamed the snowy altar cloth.<sup>63</sup> Loud pealed the organ and wave upon wave of harmony rolled up to heaven. By the side of his mother, clad in a royal robe with the diadem upon his brow, but with his heart fixed on the Saviour whose hidden presence he adored, sat the young prince. On went the service, anthem and antiphon, gospel and creed, and with the clouds of incense went up the prayers and praises of thousands of worshippers. There was a pause in the service. As if filled with the same thought, the eye of every one was fixed upon the young prince. He rose from his seat. He passed through the brazen gates—he mounted the steps of the sanctuary—he took off his diadem and laid it on the pavement—he put aside his royal robe and knelt low before the altar of the Lamb.

The Bishop gazed upon him and said, What wilt thou, O prince? The Prince replied, and the low sweet tones fell on every ear like the voice of an angel, “To give myself unto God.”

The Bishop laid his hands upon his head and the words of blessing sounded forth.

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<sup>63</sup> DeKoven is self-consciously emulating Tennyson’s “Sir Galahad”:

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

“Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace that he may continue Thine forever and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until he comes unto Thine everlasting Kingdom.”<sup>64</sup>

Louder and louder pealed the organ—wave upon wave of harmony went up to heaven and the choirs of angels sang. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and the Adorable Saviour heard and accepted him.”

The sermon was over and then all were fed with the blessed feast. And yet even on this Day there were one or two who could not receive and made my heart sorrowful.

Dinner at two. How splendid the turkeys, how glorious the mince pie, to say nothing of the more than usually good dessert. The afternoon of Christmas is short for dinner is late and long, and the few hours are filled up by the ladies completing the dressing of the Christmas tree and by the boys looking forward to the evening. It is no small work to arrange the college tree. Every boy of the 135 or nearly so have presents from home. Many of them have made presents to one another. The fifth form, a present to Mr. Spalding,—the fourth [illegible] to Mr. Hall,—another to Mr. Van Deusen. The family make presents to one another and tree and tables are laden down.

At 6 comes evening chapel. My dear old students from Nashotah have hurried down from Nashotah by the evening train, and are just on time. The chapel is full of friends from down town and the boys are ready to burst. The music is all that it should be, and “Hark, the Herald” is shouted. There is a slight pause for tea and then the gymnasium is thrown open. It is really a sight worth seeing—happy faces, beautiful presents, charming surprises. But all good things come to an end and the boys at last go to bed. To say that there is not here and there a disappointed one would be to say too much, but, on the whole, a happier set could not be.

So good night and a Merry Christmas.

Jan. 19, 1866.

The New Year comes and Epiphany and work begins more steadily.

Our thoughts now are directed to the forming of the confirmation class. The boys are divided into three classes for religious instruction. First, the Communicants, of whom at the present there are between 40 and 50. Second, the class of those who are old enough to be confirmed and are not. Third, the class of those who are not old enough to be confirmed—little boys.

In the second class there are about 74 boys, some few unbaptized. Some of the parents are not churchmen, but all 14, or nearly 14 or were 14. A very few of them have been here a long time and have allowed time after time to go by without being confirmed. Through Advent, the sermons have more or less been addressed to them, and on the first Sunday in the New Year, the sermon was as follows: During service, the notice had been given of the Bishop’s visitation in March, toward the end of Lent, and they were told then an opportunity would be given during the week of handing in their names to me.

My idea about them is of those who have been baptized. The sponsors are bidden to bring them to the Bishop to be confirmed. I stand in the place of parents and sponsors. I will stand before them and offer to bring them to him if they will go. Nay, I will urge them to do so and then *liberavi animam meam*.<sup>65</sup>

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<sup>64</sup> Bishop’s prayer in the Book of Common Prayer Confirmation rite.

<sup>65</sup> Latin: I have freed my soul.

Text: Ezekiel XX v. 32

“And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, we will be as the heathen as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone.”

You will never understand the Old Testament except you remember one thing. Why are we told the history of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, any more than that of many another who lived, why of the Jews. Palestine was a strip of land, not half the size of Wisconsin. The people were few and mean. Their wars, troubles, and successes are no more interesting and important than that of many another nation. Why did God inspire men to tell the story? Why did Psalmists sing of them and prophets warn and prophesy? You know the answer: they were God’s chosen people. His Church in the world. For them were committed the miracles of God. Of them the promised Messiah was to come. Perhaps had they been faithful, it would have been their mission to convert the world. As it was, even of them came that blessed election which was the nucleus of the Christian Church. In the days of Ezekiel, the 10 tribes were in captivity. He was prophesying to captives, they were in sorrow and misery, around them was prosperity and honor and the families of countries—what good was it to them to be God’s chosen people, the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, why should they not worship gods of wood and stone and be as the heathen who were blessed with all worldly advantages?

Such was their sinful thought. I desire to call your attention to what Ezekiel says, “This shall not be at all, etc.” They were God’s people and must remain so. No liberty of choice was given them. They would be punished or rewarded as God’s people. They might indeed worship idols, but if they did it would be with the seal of God’s covenant upon them in the midst of their worship, by the side of the altars of idols forever marking them with an indelible mark as the erring children of God. Aye, and this explains why as age after age passes, while other nations vanish away the Jews shall remain a separated people with God’s wrath ever abiding on them until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.

This leads me to the subject of my sermon.

There are before me more than sixty youths who are old enough to be confirmed, to receive the Holy Communion, who are not confirmed. The notice is given that you can have the opportunity of confirmation. You listen to it. There is scarcely one on whom it does not make some impression.

You weigh the matter—you balance the arguments pro and with [con?]. You are uncertain. You think that you have the right to choose. The point to which I wish to call your attention is that you have no liberty of choice. That you cannot be as those who are not baptized. That you are bound to be confirmed; that you have no right to do anything else but accept the invitation; in short, that whether you wish to or do not wish to, whether you desire it or do not desire it; nay, I will even add whether you are fit or unfit, you ought to be prepared for your confirmation.

Let me show you that in other matters God does not give you liberty of choice. Did anyone ask you whether you would be born or not? Did you have any liberty of choice about living? Wasn’t life with all its awful realities, its terrible responsibilities, its burdens, its sorrows, and its mere living, results thrust upon you? Nay, as time goes on and age grows weary, as sorrows thicken and cares increase, as pain and anguish and grief and loss become our portion as alas there is even uncertainty as to whether we may

hope for salvation or not so great is the burden of sin—is there not many and many a man who would if he could never have lived? But God gives no choice. Live he must, live forever—again. To take another instance. Does the state give the man born in any country the privilege of choosing whether he will be a citizen? Can he, even if he will, reject the more important duties and responsibilities of citizenship? The remembrance of those days, now thank God over, when men were bidden whither they would not know—to leave home and friends for camp and field and sickness and death is fresh in your minds, and the argument needs no other illustration. Nay, in another matter which comes home to your own daily life, is it not the same?

Knowledge is full of responsibility. More is expected in ten thousand ways of the educated than the ignorant. While it brings multitudes of advantages, it is also leaving cares and duties and labors, and an awful answer to be given at the last great day. There is no gift more terrible than the gift of mere knowledge if the higher gift of heavenly vision be lacking.

Did your parents consult you beforehand whether you would be educated or not? Did they give you the liberty of choosing in such a subject? I know that in this day too often it is left to boys to choose for themselves as to how far and even as to the manner in which they will be educated, but as yet the folly has not been carried so far as to consult the choice of babes and striplings as to whether they will be educated at all.

If this be so about life, about citizenship, about knowledge, is it not surprising that it should be so also about religion?

Let me show you that it is so about religion. Did any one ask you whether you would be baptized or not? Were you not brought helpless, defenseless, crying, resisting with all the efforts original sin could put forth, by your parents to the Church of God? Did they not place you in the arms of the priest as in the arms of that dear Lord Who said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not.”<sup>66</sup> Did they not make awful promises for you, pledging you to vows you never can unsay? Did they not have you signed with the sign of the Cross in token that you should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ Crucified and did they not in doing so give you the greatest blessing God has ever given to fellowman? Nay, more, when the baptism is over, the Priest says to the sponsors, you are to take care that this child be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him as soon as he can say the creed, the Lord’s Prayer and the Ten Commandments, not one word about consulting him and allowing him to choose, not one word about letting him wait until he has stained his baptismal robes with deadly sin and needs the hard and bitter discipline of conversion and penance. I blush with shame. I feel it to be a mockery each time I read that solemn exhortation. It is not carried out simply because parents and sponsors, bishops and priests, do not dare to put faith in the blessed promises of God and obey with childlike simplicity the commands of the Spouse of Christ.

And so, my children, today standing as I do to you in the relation of priest and in the place of sponsors and parents, I call you to confirmation, I express my readiness to prepare you during these weeks that are to come for the Holy Rite. I will pray for you with increased supplication. I will bring you to the foot of the altar. I will point you to the bishop waiting to lay upon your heads Holy hands in token of the Grace which is soon to be given, and then I shall have done all that sponsor or priest could do, and leave the matter in the hands of that dear Lord Who loves you more than I or earthly friends can

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<sup>66</sup> Mark 10:14, Matthew 19:14, Luke 18:16.

love. There is but one point in the argument I have used which I think it very likely you have noticed, and so I will mention it. It is possible to escape from the gift of knowledge by refusing to learn, from the privilege of citizenship by becoming a traitor, from the blessing of life by the awful death of suicide.

So the sad fact remains, that it is possible for you not to be confirmed, that while you have no right to refuse, you may yet do so, that while parents and sponsors might bring you to confirmation without giving you the liberty of choosing, you could not be brought if you deliberately declared your unwillingness to be.

Nay, more, in all human probability, though God forbid it should be so, some of you will not hear the blessed invitation.

Remember, if it goes on so, if opportunity after opportunity is rejected as too often it is, as indeed it has been by some of you, at the last great day, you will have chosen for yourself the same fate in matters that relate to the soul of an idiot, who peeps and stutters as the Martin whose name is branded with infamy as the suicide over whose lovely grace no solemn psalms are said, no blessed prayers are offered, no comforting words of peace and hope are spoken.<sup>67</sup>

And between this and then, and as time goes on, year is added to year and the days draw nigh in which the silver cord shall be loosed and the golden bowl broken, you will be like the Jews of old, even striving to be like the families of the nations and never able to be so. The Cross upon your brow can never be effaced. It will burn and glow and will forever brand you as a fallen child of God. The robes of baptism, soiled, stained and torn, will forever cling to you and show you to be a member of Christ though palsied and dying. Some trace of noble birth, some marks of royal lineage will linger still in the midst of defilement and evil and covetousness and brow breastedness show you to be the heir of a kingdom you do not love.

You will kick against the pricks.<sup>68</sup>

Oh, it is the secret of many a trial and many a sorrow and many a bitter misfortune, and many a thorn hedged youth that the Christian is seeking to be like the families of the nations and God will not let him be. But you are moved, your heart is touched, you are ready to accept the invitation. There is but one thought that keeps you back. You cry aloud, I am not fit. I am not worthy. The memory of your sins oppresses. Did I not say it was your duty whether you are fit or unfit to prepare for confirmation? What, you declare, a priest of God? Do you bid me come to confirmation who lie—who swear—me who neglect my prayers—me who am impure and unchaste? Ah, my children, I would that you would only come to me and speak thus. Too often you give all sorts of reasons for not coming to confirmation, which however true in themselves, however you may even fancy they are the reasons which keep you back, are not in many cases the true reasons. You say you are not old enough. You say you are afraid you will fall away afterwards, you say such and such persons are no better since they were confirmed than before—but the real reason—the real reason is that there is upon your soul the consciousness of sin. If you would only own it—only look the matter in the face—only come to me, confess your unworthiness—the first step would be taken—you are not fit now because there is on your soul unrepented sin—but why not repent and amend? Remember repentance is in your power. Repentance is possible for you if you

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<sup>67</sup>

<sup>68</sup> Acts 26:14

will. Baptized, child, you are in the covenant of grace. You have God's Holy Spirit in your soul. You are a member of Christ. You can repent, if you will. Fit you would not be for confirmation without repentance, but prayer and diligence and honest confession will give the broken and contrite heart which God will never despise.

The days come and go, and the years, but remember every *lost* opportunity may also be a *last* opportunity.

A week or two afterwards, the seventy boys were gathered together at their usual recitation, and asked to write down on a bit of paper "yes" if they wished to be confirmed, "no" if they did not, and "doubtful" if they wished to talk with me in private about the matter.

How strange it seems to have in my College Cap the seventy little pieces, each fraught with so many consequences for good or evil. I do not now remember exactly the number who decided to be confirmed, and who were doubtful, but they were more than half. As nearly all the doubtful ones decided to be confirmed, and even a few of those who said "no" were added, the class now numbers over forty. Some few will fall away. I shall be compelled to reject some, or rather put them off for carelessness—when Easter comes we shall know how many have persevered.

An event happened shortly after this which quickened somewhat the devotional feeling of the boys.

When one is taken sick—what a terrible shock the first intimation of real danger comes upon those who love and care for him. Thomas B. Williamson, one of the choir boys, was taken sick on Thursday the 5th of January. A sore throat—nothing more. We sent for the doctor on Saturday and again on Monday. On Tuesday he was much better. I found him as I passed through sitting in the sick room, looking a little lonely. I fixed him comfortably with a great book of pictures. I went down stairs and brought up dear old Grimme who is greatly valued by the boys and arranged him as nicely as possible. He did not thank me, but seemed to enjoy it. I went down, saying to myself, "See what trouble you take and the child does not even thank you." I rather reproached myself that I had not inculcated upon him then and there the necessity of always saying "thank you." The next day the doctor said he was doing finely. In the afternoon, he begged me to let him have *Tom Brown at Rugby*<sup>69</sup> for the next day, for he had never read it.

That night there was a great change in the weather. The barometer went down to no one knows where. It was a drizzling, dreary, wretched morning on Thursday. I went to the sick room as usual. Mrs. Moore had been taking care of him all night. There was a

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<sup>69</sup> *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* was first published anonymously "by an Old Boy" in 1857, and was written by Thomas Hughes (1822-1896); it was followed in 1861 by *Tom Brown at Oxford*. Tom Brown was an exemplary figure in the mid-nineteenth century "muscular Christianity": "a thoroughly English boy. Full of kindness, courage, vigour and fun—no great adept at Greek and Latin, but a first rate cricketer, climber and swimmer, fearless and skilful at football and by no means adverse to a good fight in a good cause ... [his] is that of a manly order, that not even an ordinary schoolboy of the present day will find himself wearied of it."—Cited in J.A. Mangan, "Social Darwinism and Upper-Class Education in Late Victorian and Edwardian England," in *Manliness and Morality: Middle-Class Masculinity in Britain and America 1800-1940*, edited by J.A. Mangan and James Walvin. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1987, p. 137. See also Patrick A. Dunae, "Boys Literature and the Idea of Empire, 1870-1914," *Victorian Studies* 24 (Autumn 1980); Louis James, "Tom Brown's Imperialist Sons," *Victorian Studies* 17 (September 1973).

change for the worse. She said she thought I should write to his home. It flashed upon me that he was dangerously ill. I sent at once for the doctor. He thought I had better telegraph. I did so and watched and waited. How merciful God is in sending sorrow. The shocks which come all at once and crush you are the exceptions. You think the loved one may die. Then there is an ebb in the tide. The symptoms are a little better, the doctor thinks that possibly—we had a consultation Thursday afternoon. He seemed a little better Friday morning. It was touching to see how he always said his own prayers and how ready he was to have me say them with him. There was no complaint, not even homesickness. He always felt better when asked how he was. I had told him that when he felt badly he should say to himself the *Agnus Dei*, the words of which he had so often sung during the celebration of the Blessed Eucharist. The morning of Friday or Saturday, I went to the sick room and thinking him asleep, waited till he should arouse. He saw me, however, and asked me to say his prayers for him, and when I had finished I asked him if he remembered to say what I had told him. He paused as if he did not recall and then said, “pray Holy Jesu who died upon the Cross for me, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner.”

Saturday noon his father, who had not received the telegraph, waited twenty-four hours later than he should, came. We had another consultation and even that noon both his father and I had hopes for him. When his father asked him how he was, he said that he was all right there was not much the matter with him.

After my confirmation class at 3 I found him worse. There was a change in his breathing. Both Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Moore were with him pending his father. I had to go away for something, and Mrs. Hamilton told me that I had better stay with him. I knew she meant that death was drawing near. So from time to time prayers were said. The room was quiet and still except the weary moving to and fro of the sick boy with that strange restlessness which is not pain, but which seems so distressing, perhaps the last effort of failing nature. Thru the open window with a strange contrast came from the gymnasium the eager shouts and merry laughter of the boys at play—not fully conscious how ill their schoolmate was.

When I said the prayers for him, he joined in them and said “Amen” and when they were over in a clear whisper which we all heard, he said, “Holy Jesus, help me.”

Something was given him to drink and in taking it he strangled. There was a moment’s distress. The father broke into sobs. I said for him the commendatory prayer. As I said it I saw his eyes lose their expression.

I saw Mrs. Hamilton folding his hands together, and just then underneath the window sounded the first bell for Chapel, a call he had so often heard to God’s worship of Paradise. I cannot describe the effect upon me of that strange contrast between the active life of the school, the play and the chapel bell, and the parting breath, the glazing eye—the sob of the mourners and the stillness of death.

In great grief as in all moments of over-excitement, what a mercy conventionalities are. Not long ago, I stayed with Mr. Pendleton,<sup>70</sup> one of our trustees, and one much loved during his last illness, and was with him when he died. Let me say in passing that I am sure the college has had a very happy effect on its trustees in the town, at least six of those in the town were not communicants, the most influential was a follower of Emerson and the tendency of most of them was more or less against the Faith.

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<sup>70</sup> Nelson Pendleton (). Director Racine County Bank.



Every one has been influenced by the college and Mr. Pendleton sent for me to baptize him and administer the holy Communion on his death bed. But to return—when he was dead it seemed like such a comfort to have kindly women gather round Mrs. Pendleton in the agony of her distress, and draw her gently away to the quiet of her own room and leave the dead for the last sad offices. An old lady spent that Sunday with us. As people grow older and see much of distress, they take kindly and pleasantly to times of mourning, with the really good, I suppose, it is the full realization of how much better it is to go to the house of mourning, with the hardened and worldly, the cold selfishness with which the undertaker regards the corpse he is near.

Young people shrink from times and seasons of distress. Pain and sorrow and distress, the natural man shrinks from. One would choose, provided he were consulted, simply one's natural feelings, to visit a friend for the purposes of visiting at some other than then when one of the family were dead. The good old lady, a pleasant old soul, too—enjoyed her visit, all the more for a death in the house. It was a solemnity over everything which was in unison, I suppose, with her own grey and autumnal feelings. The Sunday services were naturally deepened in tone. She even chose to ride to the cars with the funeral and travel on with that sad freight and the living mourners. It was a dark and dreary morning, the snow fell in large and heavy flakes, the wind blew a tempest. From the chapel the choristers came in their surplices to the door of the house and bore their dead companion for the last time to the chapel. The contrast between the white surplices and the dreary cold of the weather gave one a shivering feeling like the chill of death. When the service was over, as the choristers bore him from the chapel, they sang, "God is my shepherd" and as they passed beneath the doorway the blessed words sounded forth, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, etc."

The cars hurried away and the boys went back to play and study.

I must not fail to record that on the 4th of January, I married Vernor, of whom is a story told in the early part of this narrative, to Miss Fissler. The first graduate who has married. May God bless him.

May 4th. The term is over again, and I sit down in the quiet of home to finish up the history.

The boys were carefully prepared for their confirmation. Each one came to confession and Lent wore away. On Friday in Passion Week was the day appointed for the confirmation. Thirty-four were confirmed. Three bishops were present and confirmed—Bishop Talbot,<sup>71</sup> the boys from Indiana—Bishop Clarkson, those from St. James' Parish—and Bishop Kemper, those from Wisconsin. Easter was indeed a joyous festival. Seventy-nine of the boys received the holy communion, only one was lacking. The old man, Uncle Rowe, made his first communion. For the first time the holy communion was choral. The school closed with much to be thankful for.

Nov. 7th. The autumn vacation is nearly ended and All Saints' Day has come and gone and the half year past has been full of events and business. Too much so indeed, for we were all fretted and overworked when the term closed.

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<sup>71</sup> Joseph Cruikshank Talbot (1816-1883) Deacon September 6, 1846 (Smith). Bishop 1860.

Dr. Passmore<sup>72</sup> is dead. This was our great trouble. For three weeks he lay ill and all was done that kindness and care could do. But it pleased God to call him to Himself. A wife and six children are left with very small provision except the legacy of his faith and holiness, and let me trust his prayers for them in Paradise. We have been trying to get enough money to buy his library for the college and thus assist her.

Sometime ago I mentioned the last request of Mr. Taylor in regard to an Orphan Asylum in connection with the college. Mrs. Taylor<sup>73</sup> at first eagerly entered into it and determined to go on with it. I proposed to her a plan which I believe would have been most effective. She was to build a building in memory of her husband to be called after him and endow it so far as she felt able to do so. It was to be connected with the college and form part of it. The only difference between these boys and the others was to be that they as in the old schools of England were to be on the foundation, the others were to pay. They were to be assisted in so far as might be necessary, that is, the friends were to do all they could—as I feel greatly opposed to any assistance in the way of caring for others which does not require them to do all that they can. Thus, if one could be clothed, let him be; if another could pay \$50 a year, let him do so, and thus assist a large number. The sons of the clergy up to a certain number were to be received whether orphans or not. The plan was a little difficult for Mrs. Taylor to comprehend. It is a plan which is the result of long thought and which in order to fully explain, I should have to write much more than I now can, but after a while she grasped it, and seemed to like it. Dr. Shelton of Buffalo<sup>74</sup> stopped at the college for an evening toward the close of the spring vacation, and told me, to my great delight, that after many years' experience, the trustees of De Veaux College, the Orphan Asylum at Suspension Bridge,<sup>75</sup> had fallen back upon the same plan in the main and this I proposed. I hurried him off to Mrs. Taylor's and he propounded it to her and all seemed prosperous.

But there were delays now. The architect was slow in getting the plans ready. Suddenly Mrs. Taylor's health began to fail rapidly. Not having seen her for several weeks, I was shocked to find her dreadfully altered—at last the plans came but the building was so large and expensive that Mrs. Taylor and we all felt it not to be the thing. Then too Mrs. Taylor was so poorly in health that it seemed unkind to trouble her about it and I shrank from distressing her. The doctor said she could not recover. I knew she had not made her will. There were no [illegible] to go to, and I felt that my duty required me to say something definitely about the matter. Meanwhile some business connections were doing all in their power to keep her from carrying out the plan.

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<sup>72</sup> Joseph Clarkson Passmore (June 4, 1818-1866). College of St. James, Hagerstown, Maryland (). Deacon June 18, 1848 (Whittingham); Priest ? Rector of St. Luke's, Racine, Wisconsin (1862-1866). Passmore was the first American editor of Joseph Butler's *Ethical Discourses* and the author of a small collection of poems entitled *Footprints, or Fugitive Poems* (Philadelphia, 1843). He also corresponded with Edgar Allen Poe, who rejected his submission to *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* in 1840.

<sup>73</sup> Emeline A. Taylor ().

<sup>74</sup> William Shelton (September 11, 1798-October 11, 1883) Born in Fairfield, Connecticut, son of Philo Shelton, the first priest ordained by a bishop of the Episcopal Church. GTS 1823; Priest 1825 (Brownell). DD. Rector of St. Paul's, Fairfield, Connecticut -1829; St. Paul's, Buffalo, New York July 21, 1829-1881. Shelton oversaw the design and construction of St. Paul's, Buffalo by Richard Upjohn

<sup>75</sup> DeVeaux College for Orphans and Destitute Children, Niagara Falls, New York. The campus is now a New York State Park. Bishop Welles, third Bishop of Milwaukee, worked as a tutor here.

At last she gave me the opportunity, and I found that her interest had so far slackened that she intended to do far less than I supposed. I therefore wrote her a letter begging her to give \$50,000 for a building and endow it with \$100,000. My letter was a very earnest one and she took it very kindly, but as she was about to start for Cleveland, she said she would do nothing about it until she saw and consulted with friends there. She took the plans with her, however, and bade me good bye. I never saw her again. While I had been reproaching myself at my over-delicacy, which did not go straight to work for God and His Church, and the fatherless—some ill-natured people had represented me as teasing her and worrying her. Shortly after she reached Cleveland, she sent back the plans thanking me and saying not one word about her intentions.

When she went away, I gave up any further efforts. I knew I could do no more, and the rest was in God's hands, so I only prayed to Him every day that He would bring it about according to His will.

At last while I was at the East on Halloween came a telegram saying that she was dead. I had heard she was getting better, and so was taken by surprise. I could not return for the funeral as I had to preach at St. Stephen's College the next day, and did not reach Chicago until two days after the funeral.

I was anxious to hear, but had pretty much given up all hope about the mater. One rumor reached me that she had left something to the college, but on inquiring further, it seemed to be only such a report as might have arisen from the general expectation that she would do something. My fear, however, was that death had come upon her unexpectedly and that she had made no will.

I started early for the college. A bright November morning. The lake looked beautiful in the sunlight, and the fair ships went sailing by. I had been away five weeks and I longed to see the college again. We pass Kenosha. We cross the highway. I see the houses I know so well. Yonder is the new landing, just completed and painted, over the trees I catch a glimpse of the halls, there is the gable of the chapel and the south porch. We are passing close by the college potato field. We reach the junction. I get out—there is Mr. Hulitt and Professor Wheeler.<sup>76</sup> Now I shall know. I play with my expected disappointment, as a cat does with a mouse—why should I be in a hurry to give up what little hope I have left? I ask questions of secondary interest. At last, I say, "Did Mrs. Taylor leave any will?" Then comes the news for which I thank Him Who takes care of us and has led us hitherto. She has left the college \$65,000—but not for the orphan asylum. That she has left in a forlorn way to a set of women and with no definite religious care. The man who had gained her ear, and whom she trusted in her business affairs, had been with her and probably influenced her. He was with her when she made her will and in her weak state no doubt suggested much. With him there it could not have been God's loving care, who kept it in her mind to do something for the college. I am very sorry about the asylum for its own sake. So far as we are concerned, it is better than I dared to hope. To build a building for college students and show to the Church how grandly the true collegiate system can train and mould young men. We are to have this term more than 30 young men in the college. They are mewed up with the younger boys and the system does not have fair play. With a building arranged as it ought to be for

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<sup>76</sup> Homer Wheeler (-1878). Nashotah B.D. 1849. Deacon June 3, 1849 (Kemper); Priest April 28, 1850 (Upfold). Rector of Saint John's, Bristol, Indiana 1849-, St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula, Ohio 1854-. Professor of Mathematics at Racine.

them alone and my living with them by God's mercy, it can be made a sight unknown in America. May He bring it to pass.

The college family gathers again. Old Mrs. Christie, who goes away when the boys do, has returned again. I think she appreciates my joke now when I ask her if she is ready to begin her studies again. Everything has been repaired, and in these few days that remain the cares I have forgotten in the pleasant vacation come trooping round the building from every side and clamor for admission. Walk in ye cares. Sit down in my arm chair, perch on my study table—stop me from writing my journal—get under my pillow, but let me learn, if I only can, not to be fretted and worried and to do my duty in the midst of them. They are pleasant happy cares after all, and I am thankful for them.

I must put down one or two things which have happened.

(E. A. L.'s fight is fresh in my memory).

Charles Miles is to return to school this autumn. Charley is one of those boys whose parents instead of teaching him to do thus and so, give him freedom of choice, and then bring to bear upon him all sorts of influences to make him choose right. The effect is that Charley is never really a scholar of the school, but always a critic of its merits. He is always considering whether he shall patronize the institution another term and whether there are not unknown paradises in the way of schools in which he might happily find himself by and by. His father and mother honestly wish him to stay here. On one occasion his mother wrote me that Charley was discontented and she hoped I would talk to him as she was afraid unless he liked the school his father was so indulgent he would let him stay away. A month or two after that I received a letter from the father in which he stated that Charley was discontented and he hoped I would make him right as his mother was so indulgent that he feared she would insist on his removal. This mystified me but I afterwards discovered that the father was the one. It is ungrateful in me to write it down for shortly afterwards, he wrote me asking me if we were too religious to drink cider at the college. On my stating that that amount of carnality still remained, he sent us two barrels. Still the truth must be told. At the close of the term, Charles triumphantly told me that he was not to return. I was surprised to get a letter from Mr. Miles stating that it was only doubtful, and would be decided when Charles got home. I told this to Charles, whereupon he informed me that his father had written him telling him he was not to return but was to earn his own living in some laborious occupation. "He wanted to frighten me into it," said Charley. "It isn't the first time that I've almost caught him telling wrong stories."

Alfred January is very dull in learning his catechism in confirmation; in reply to the question, "Why could not St. Philip confirm?"—ans. "Because he was only a deacon," the boy did answer, "Because he was only a demon."<sup>77</sup>

Jan. 26th. Yesterday, Feast of the Conversion, used to be matriculation day. We have ceased matriculating as I disliked it as a kind of farce. The boys retain traditionary memories of it and some of the little fellows applied to have their tasks let off because it was "articulation day," or something like that. It has been thus far a perplexing term. Prof. Hinsdale<sup>78</sup> has been ill, the teachers I expected did not come, the school was very

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<sup>77</sup> Cf. A Manual of Instruction (*op. cit.*), p. 77.

<sup>78</sup> Robert Graham Hinsdale (November 2, 1833-January 9, 1889). Princeton A.B. 1856, A.M. 1859; Nashotah B.D. 1866; Hobart College S.T.D., 1877. Deacon August 12, 1866; Priest June 2, 1867 (Kemper).

full, Mrs. Moore was detained away for a fortnight, and there was a good deal of sickness. Diarrhea seized possession of everybody at one time and there were forty or more under the influence of the disorder. In the midst of our trouble a teacher whom I expected arrived, who was afflicted with chronic diarrhea. It seemed like bringing coal to Newcastle as we had straightway to nurse him, instead of being a help he was only a care.<sup>79</sup> Now, however, it is all right. Thank God, the boys are well, the teachers are here and we are prospering. Christmas was even gayer than usual and the boys had since made me a handsome Christmas present. It is well to recall all our difficulties as I go along.

June 27th, 1867.

For the first time for thirteen years I spent my vacation in the West this year and did not go home. I cannot recall especially the events of last term. We now have 167 boys of whom twelve are day scholars. It is the largest number we have ever had. I preached the sermon at the ordination of Colin Tate in vacation, the youth who stole the key so long ago. Stephen Frisbie is to be married this very day and will bring his wife here for a visit (D.V.) The cornerstone of Taylor Hall was laid on the 22nd with great solemnities. The address was made by the assistant Bishop and was a very good one. Dr. Shelton whom, of all persons, I respect and honor was here. It was a lovely day. The grounds have never looked so charming as they do this spring. We have built a new barn and the old sheds are gone—brick walks have been laid, the garden is in capital order, the flower garden looks pretty and it is all beautiful. I was afraid too of some ritualistic row last term, but that has blown over and everybody seems disposed to speak kindly of us and to give us just and proper freedom. The assistant Bishop himself volunteered to let us use our new burners.<sup>80</sup> We had a beautiful procession and sang psalms and the noble hymn of Bishop Heber—Holy, Holy, Holy. On Tuesday Bishop Coxe<sup>81</sup> visited the college and said he had not seen such a sight since he was at Eton in 1851. He was pleased to say that the boys sang the service better than they did at Eton. He was very enthusiastic and delighted everyone.

The system of by-rule becomes more and more developed. Boys govern the dormitories, the dining room, the swimming, the going down town, the gymnasium, etc., and now even the processions to chapel. Ernest Baniger who is head of the grammar school is full of responsibility and sometimes looks quite careworn. Some of the teachers who are far behind some of the [illegible] in real power are quite put to the blush by the power, energy, and self-control of the boys in authority. Dr. Breck, who was here the other day, says that there are three systems of Christian education at present on trial. The

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Rector of Immanuel Church, Racine, Wisconsin (1866-September 15, 1876); Professor of Chemistry and Geology at Racine, 1866-1877; President Hobart College, Geneva, New York (1876-1883); Rector of Redeemer, Biloxi, Mississippi 1883-1889. Married three times: Emma B. van Duyn, December 24, 1860; Mary Tolhurst, December 30, 1862; Laura H. Fenling, August 17, 1881.

<sup>79</sup> Newcastle was a center of the English coal mining industry from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries. Hence, to “bring coal to Newcastle” was to contribute something already in superabundance.

<sup>80</sup> Thuribles?

<sup>81</sup> Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818-1896). Deacon June 27, 1841 (B.T. Onderdonk); Priest ? Rector of St. John's, Hartford, Connecticut; Grace Church, Baltimore, Maryland; Calvary Church, New York; Bishop of Western New York from 1865. A prolific poet and author, he was the American editor of the 38-volume series *Ante-Nicene, Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*. His other works include the influential *Christian Ballads* (1840) *Athanasion* (1842) and *Thoughts on the Services* (1859).

military system as enforced at Hamden by Mr. Everest, the family system as at St. Paul's School, Concord, and our own.

This year our garden prospers—we have already picked more than five bushels of strawberries and shall pick more. We hope some day to have everything there should be on a gentleman's place. We have seven cows, a yoke of oxen, etc. Old Mrs. Christie does not like to pare potatoes, but is now persuaded. The old lady is of a talkative disposition and says that Mrs. Hamilton gives her poisoned tea. Small troubles arise every now and then amongst the servants. Peter Bongard, who is an honest old German who has been here a long time and who devotes himself to his sister, says that Ann (who is a hideous looking woman) has matrimonial intentions toward him. This disturbs Peter who seems to regard her much in the light of a Mrs. Potiphar. As Ann however supplanted Peter's sister in the care of the laundry, it is feared that he is blinded by brotherly feelings into regarding Ann's attentions as something more than of a sisterly character. All this is very foolish, but how much of life depends on such trifles. We should be most sorry to lose Peter, but he talks of going. He is most useful in raising the one thousand bushels of potatoes we hope to get this year.

*The College Mercury*, a paper published by the students, has just appeared. McKey and Morgan are the editors.

Oct. 22nd.

I have finished my visit at home and will leave again (D.V.) in the morning. Middletown with its quiet and stillness is most refreshing after the noisy activity of our Racine life. The trees grow taller and heavier with leaves every year, nothing changes much and when people die they seem to go like the leaves in autumn—because their full time has come. The October weather has been most glorious and the country has been golden for days with the bright leaves of the maple. Mother is so lovely and beautiful in her old age, that it is a blessing to see her. Elizabeth seeks for the higher life and thinks she finds it in her Bible class, prayer meetings and Miss Tracy and Mrs. Roberts. Miss Tracy looks like a mediaeval saint with a certain faded look like an old portrait. Alas, that they have nothing better than Presbyterianism. Mrs. Mutter is truly a catholic, but Middletown is a little too much for her. At the Berkeley,<sup>82</sup> they instruct on high and dry Anglicanism and are content. Henry stores up [illegible] and silver more and more, and is very lovely and pleasant in spite of a certain moldiness which seems to be atmospheric in Middletown. The quiet old town sleeps on. The river rolls by, narrower now as it seems to me than of old. Lake Michigan being so wide—our family have a lot in Durham Hill Cemetery where the view is perfect—a thing, however, which can make no difference to the dead.

The last term closed most pleasantly, we had visitors without number and the clergy carried away tales of our growth to all quarters. It was pleasant day by day to see Taylor Hall growing in size and proportions, and the summer weather which was never so charming as this summer added to our enjoyment. We had a very great

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<sup>82</sup> DeKoven refers to Berkeley Divinity School, founded in Middletown, Connecticut by Bishop John Williams in 1854. The institution moved to New Haven in 1928. In 1971, Berkeley merged with Yale Divinity School and its students became full members of Yale.

commencement. Seven were to graduate, two of them, Burton and Piper,<sup>83</sup> had been with us seven years. Mead<sup>84</sup> and Morgan<sup>85</sup> nearly as long, and the other three a long time. All knelt together to receive the holy communion the Sunday before commencement, at which time more than ninety students received together. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached at St. Luke's with full choral service; a class tree was planted. The Clonian Society had an anniversary with a fearful band which made a little girl who attended with her aunt imagine this literary treat was a circus. There was a prize declamation—commencement and a large party—and we survived it all. It was very pleasant and chiefly so because it helped to bring out our collegiate life for which we now are chiefly striving. Of Piper I must say something. I have never mentioned him before and yet for these many years how he has been mingled in all the work and life of the college and how much we all owe to him. There was never an instance of more good done by the simple piety of one youth.

Of rather humble parents, not very good looking, when he first came to me, in the second year of his work, he had nothing special to recommend him to our notice. He did not like play and had a tendency to study in play hours, which I never like, as it sometimes, although not always, is a symptom of "Spooniness." But he determined he would play. I told him he ought to and there was a certain grave dutifulness about him which made him always try to do what he was told was right. He toiled at cricket and although he never became a first-rate player, because he did not have it in him, yet for years, he never failed to play with a regularity and exactness and self-denial, which made cricket in him seem like the striving of one who indeed strove for the mastery.

He was soon appointed an officer—in the days long ago before our system had at all become established—and when it was very unpopular to be an officer, and a very hard thing to do one's duty faithfully. I did not know the martyrdom he went through. He manifested now the spirit which never forsook him in all his duties afterwards as a prefect and as the head of the college. He would never shirk from duty no matter how unpleasant. He gave every punishment he ought to give, and yet he gave it so sorrowfully, so gently, with such evident pain that it ought to have won every heart. At certain periods of their existence, however, boys have no hearts and he had a very hard time. Perhaps had he failed our system would have failed for the time, but trusting in God, he shrank from no duty little or great, and hardly appreciated by his teachers and mocked at by his immediate companions, he persevered. All this was of the greatest benefit afterwards for it enabled him to comfort many a little fellow who when first appointed to some inferior office, might have some slight discouragement and trouble in carrying out his discipline. Years went by—when we appointed prefects, he, of course, became one, and for the last two years of his stay he was head of the college—and such a head—wiser than the teachers—of an influence unexampled amongst all—never shirking from any duty—never striving for popularity, yet respected and honored by all from the smallest boy to the eldest man, and most loved by the very ones who had most tormented

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<sup>83</sup> Arthur Piper (July 2, 1845-October 13, 1930). Born in London, England. Racine B.A. 1867, M.A. 1870, S.T.D.; Nashotah B.D. 1870. Deacon June 12, 1870; Priest September 24, 1871 (W. E. Armitage). Rector of Immanuel Church, Racine 1870-1875; St. Luke's Church, Racine 1875-1881. Warden of Racine College 1888-1900. Trustee of Nashotah House 1893-1930.

<sup>84</sup> George S. Mead (). Racine B.A. 1867.

<sup>85</sup> James A. Morgan (). Racine B.A. 1867.

him—yet withal so humble and quiet and devout. The boys in no teasing way, but as highest title, called him “Saint.”

In my religious dealings with the younger boys many was the good lesson in ways he knew nothing of, I found he had imparted. There was no one he associated with he did not do good to.

Pleasant was his graduation. His mother a simple, good plain Englishwoman, came out to attend the commencement. How devoted he was to her—how happy she was. Some of the speeches at commencement were, of course, nothing very remarkable. The master’s oration was in rather bad taste and was long, but just as the twilight began to fall, Arthur delivered his valedictory. We were all greatly affected by it, because it was very beautiful and had the greater beauty that it was so honest and true and really felt by him. The next morning when the boys were about to sing “*Dulce Dulce Domum*” before leaving—there was a pleasant surprise for him. We had made a subscription for him to buy some books. Every one had given, the boys almost all—all who could. I had wanted to raise \$90.00 and \$140.00 was the result. I procured Old and New Testament. The Old as far as published. Smith’s Bible Dictionary. The Annotated Prayer Book and \$40.00 left for him. I stated this before the Bishops and all the boys. How the boys cheered. Poor Arthur—his eyes were red with weeping, and he could say nothing. If ever there was a happy woman, it was Arthur’s mother. So he went away to Nashotah to pursue his studies and my blessing goes with him.

It is late and I must write no more. The rain falls heavily and the house is still, and midnight draws on.

January 25th. Feast of the Conversion.

It was pleasant one day when in the course of a lecture to the communicants I had occasion to say something in praise of Arthur, to hear the low murmur of applause that went through the room—an unusual demonstration, and one not ordinarily to be allowed, but which I pardoned for the sake of one all love so well. How he was welcomed at Christmas by old and young when he came from Nashotah to see us. Christmas has come and gone with all its festivities. Taylor Hall is done and is to be formally opened on Wednesday evening the 29th inst.—a noble building.

Taylor Hall had its benediction on Wednesday evening. The statutes of the college are passed by the trustees. I have begun the preparation of the class preparing for confirmation, and tonight I close the record of the college. My health is somewhat impaired, and I leave for the East tomorrow. In a few moments I must say goodbye to the boys.

May God forgive me for the many imperfections of the work and the sins which have marred it, and accept it for His sake Who alone can make it worthy. The bell rings for the boys to go to bed.

“May the Blessed Trinity protect them.”

February 3, 1868.

September 30, 1868.

It is just nine years tonight since Mr. Shaw and myself and a little band of boys came to the college in the pleasant autumn weather and had our first service in the chapel. I remembered it in chapel tonight. How much has passed since I last wrote in the journal.



Six months of travel all over Europe. I wrote regularly to the boys and in those letters I described all that I saw. I prayed for the college in almost every church I went to and at many a holy shrine. How sorry I was to go away—how glad to get back again. Mr. Spalding, the head master, who has been here eight years, met me at Detroit. At Chicago dear George Prescott<sup>86</sup> and in the pleasant morning, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Locke and Mr. Larrabee, we started for Racine. At Kenosha the college boys came into the cars in caps and gowns. How happy it was to be restored to them again, and to shake hands with each well remembered one. Soon the college came in sight. How often for many months I had imagined to myself that pleasant return.

There were the boys in a great company and such a shaking of hands and shouting that it did one's heart good, although a little hard on the hands. I was suffering with a fear lest after all the noble buildings I had seen, the college might suffer, but when I saw the pleasant grounds and Lake Michigan smiling in the sunshine and heard the bell ringing for service and saw the truly noble proportions of Taylor Hall, my misgivings passed away. It was as beautiful as ever with a beauty all its own. They had made an arch over the gateway and put over my mantelpiece "Welcome Home" in beautiful flowers and we went at once to the chapel for a thanksgiving service. Afterwards all the professors and their families dined here and we were together again.

It was very gratifying to find everything in such admirable order, thanks to the care of the head master, especially: the work had gone bravely on in my absence, for indeed every one had done his duty most faithfully. There had been some great trials. Mr. Wm. E. Lightner had died. Prof. Wheeler and Dr. Falk<sup>87</sup> had both been seriously ill. Mr. Chas. Spalding<sup>88</sup> had been obliged to give up, but in spite of all, the head master in the midst of difficulties which had awed me to the utmost, had managed in the best way possible. God's grace and mercy no doubt helped him. How much I have to be grateful for in such a helper. Of course, some work had accumulated, and now for about eight weeks since August 6th, the day I reached home, I had been at work. The boys have gone home once more and another commencement has passed. We thought it the best commencement we had ever had. The term closes with 188 students of whom forty are in the college. Poor Mrs. Hamilton who has been our housekeeper for many years has quite overworked herself and has had to leave this autumn.

Trinity Sunday—May 23rd, 1869.

Today is the anniversary of my first communion, now twenty-three years ago. We had a quiet and peaceful Sunday. The boys have not yet returned from their spring vacation and I am waiting for them. Wednesday is soft and fair and the oak trees are just budding. The earlier trees have some fresh bright green leaves. It was blessed to be able

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<sup>86</sup> George Jarvis Prescott (March 11, 1848-December 27, 1928). Racine B.A. 1869; M.A. 1872. Nashotah B.D. 1872. Deacon May 26, 1872; Priest June 8, 1873 (Armitage). Assistant at All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee (1872-1873); Assistant at Grace Church, Lawrence, Massachusetts, 1873-1874; Priest-in-Charge at Good Shepherd, Boston, 1874-1876, Rector 1876-1925.

<sup>87</sup> Alexander Falk (). Professor of German at Racine (1867-), History (1867-1872) and French (1878-1887)

<sup>88</sup> Charles Nelson Spalding, brother of Edward B. Spalding, above (-November 21, 1914). Nashotah D.D. 1890.

to make my confession last night and with Mr. Pitts<sup>89</sup> and the few who are here to be ready for the Feast.

Six months have gone again. The commencement had one thing happen at it—which was quite curious. I did not know whom to appoint head of the college of the three candidates.

Whittemore,<sup>90</sup> Prescott and Sullivan. I wanted to appoint Prescott. Whittemore, I knew would feel terribly if he did not get it, and had for many reasons expected it—and many of the prefects thought Sullivan would make the best head. So I prayed for guidance and prayed again—not knowing what to do. The boys had been, until I forbade it, consulting Planchette,<sup>91</sup> and it said that Sullivan was to be head and Prescott, second. I went to the gymnasium and rose up to make the appointment for heads and seconds of the different classes, etc.—as I rose a thought struck me, and I laughed internally at it. “Supposing by accident I should reverse the order and appoint Sullivan head and Prescott second,” and lo! and behold when the time came—utterly unconsciously and without meaning to do so, I appointed Sullivan head. I have never yet regretted it. It was very odd. We have had some trials and difficulties. The school suffered from the many accidents and distresses which occurred during my absence and we did not have as many boys [illegible] by a few.

A small reduction only. People make some talk about our churchmanship, as was to be expected, and we feel somewhat troubled financially. But God will help all this. How hard every one worked last term. Mr. Pitts became the head of Kemper Hall and has been a great comfort and help and so has Mr. Chas. Spalding. One thing happened which I love to think about, and which made me very happy. George Rumsey has been mentioned before. His father took him away from the college much against his will and sent him to Williams College. There is not even an Episcopal church in the place and he is a communicant. I feared he would become careless and neglectful as his churchmanship was rather of the unconscious sort, and perhaps he converted to Presbyterians by the spectacle of the real earnestness which seems to exist among the students of that college. Hidden away in the rural districts of Massachusetts, it seems to retain some of the old religious fervor of the puritans so rapidly dying out. At last in mid-winter the students of Williams College all rebelled against the faculty—not a surprising thing even with religious puritanism—I fancy,—since rebellion seems a part of their religion. George, who had been, I fancy, regarded as one of the unconverted—having not ties which should prompt him to be obedient—not one of the first scholars—is intellectually bad to obedience—not a favorite—without any priest to advise him—quite alone—dreading as by nature—he was sure to dread, the making self conspicuous,—valuing as I know he valued the good opinion of his classmates and fellow students,—

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<sup>89</sup> Thomas Dorsey Pitts (1843 or 44-May 18, 1891) St. James College, Maryland, A.B. 1864; Nashotah B.D. 1867. Deacon June 8, 1867 (Kerfoot for Maryland); Priest June 7, 1868 (Whittingham). Assistant at St. Paul's, Baltimore, Maryland, 1868; Adjunct Professor at Racine, 1868-1872; Rector of St. Paul's, Steubenville, Ohio 1872-1881; Rector of St. John's, Wilmington, North Carolina, 1881-1883.

<sup>90</sup> Henry Breck Whittemore (). Racine College, 1869; Nashotah B.D. 1872. Deacon May 26, 1872; Priest? Rector of St. John's Church, Camden, Arkansas 1872-1874; Rector of Trinity Church, Marshall, Michigan 1874-1879; Gethsemane, Fargo, North Dakota 1879-1881; St. John's Church, Portage, Wisconsin 1881-1883; suspended in 1884 by the Bishop of Wisconsin. **Why?**

<sup>91</sup> Planchette was a tool for amateur divination, similar to the ouija board. The OED places its invention around 1855, making its early appearance among schoolboys in rural Wisconsin interesting.

was asked to rebel with the rest. He said no—he saw no objection to the law. It was something about marks in which the students detected an injustice and their rebellion was no way to remedy it. Once a prefect at Racine and accustomed to make others obey—he knew this well,—so he marched to chapel on the morning of the rebellion having consulted with no one and of the whole 180 students, he and one other were the only ones who attended to their duties. The other student earned his tuition by working for one of the professors and was head of his class. So possibly he may have had inducements. George had not. He stood it out for ten days, or as long as the rebellion lasted, when the students came back to their duties. It was a brave act of a brave lad. May God bless him. It made me happy and thankful. His grandfather shed tears when he heard of it, and his father, who had a little lost faith in the college, immediately sent his two sons to us. Since then George has gathered the four or five children in the college into a missionary society and has begun a church service at a place five miles off, and has become a conscientious and earnest defender of the Church.

November 25th, 1869.

I should add to this that Baker, whose name is mentioned in these pages, as having been dismissed, died this spring vacation. He was baptized and received the holy communion on his deathbed by Dr. Ashley.<sup>92</sup> He was penitent and when the doctor arrived to tell him of something in the way of religious instruction, he would say, “Yes, I learned that at Racine College.”

Now it is fall again and the school has assembled once more and is at work. 187 boys of whom 53 are in Taylor Hall. Our college procession seems very grand and Merriam, the head of the college, is full of responsibility. During the summer term we established a new feature. We invited the 660 boys who had been at the college back to the college for a certain day early in August. Between 60 and 70 came besides, of course, those who were here as scholars. We had letters too from many I had not heard from for a long time. It was one of those charming summer days which seem the especial beauty of the lake shore, and make up for many rough winds and damp mists. It was so pleasant to see the old faces; old yet new, with beards and additional height and new duties, all so glad to come back. There was a choral service in the chapel with an address and then a dinner in the gymnasium. Mrs. Franklin outdid herself with her admirable arrangements. After dinner there was a cricket match between old Clarkson and old Badgers, and in the evening, a reception. Everyone was happy and God blessed the day. Frank Fleetwood was here with wife and baby. Commencement this year was we thought again the best one we had ever had. Mr. Sullivan’s valedictory only next to Piper’s and the party in the evening more than usually gay.

Ease came with vacation. I heard about commencement that Chas. Oakes who came in 1860 and left in 1864 was paralyzed.<sup>93</sup> I had not seen him for five years. Let me tell the story. His maternal grandfather was a Frenchman who somewhere on Lake Superior had married a Chippewa woman. The daughters were well educated in some good school and one of them<sup>94</sup> married Mr. Oakes. Mr. Oakes<sup>95</sup> was one of the first

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<sup>92</sup> William B. Ashley. GTS. DD. St. Paul’s Church, Milwaukee.

<sup>93</sup> Charles W. Oakes (November 7, 1846–November 7, 1869). Born at Lacduflambeau Lapointe, Wisconsin.

<sup>94</sup> Julia Beaulieu ().

<sup>95</sup> Charles Henry Oakes ().

settlers of St. Paul, and now an old and venerable looking man, apparently rich and so far prosperous, looks back upon the early days when he first entered into the wilderness. It was pleasant to hear from him some account of a mode of life already one of the things of the past and soon to be a matter of history. He told me of one winter thirty to forty years since, when he went with a party into Wisconsin to get game or to trade in the winter, and owing to some difficulties being obliged to live for some time on soup and other dishes made only from the deer skins they had brought with them, until they were so weak they could not stand and were only saved as the winter began to pass away, by getting the maple from the trees, on which diet they all grew fat. He told me too of articles of diet of which I had never heard as the most delicate in his experience one could have—as Beaver's tail and Moose's lip—impossible delicacies so far as I am concerned. We sat and talked of these things at intervals, when other sudden and more serious talk was not being spoken up. It was in the early days of the school that Mrs. Oakes brought Charles here; tall, lithe, handsome, of rich olive complexion, with just enough marks of the Indian blood in him to make him more attractive and pleasing. Strong, incapable of fatigue, grand at games, who so likely as he to be all that one could wish. Affectionate and irrepressible one could not but love him, even when not always [illegible] or fail to be anxious. He was confirmed in the old Chapel before it burned. Bishop Whipple the only time that he was here made the confirmation address. He stayed a year after his confirmation, but gave me great cause for anxiety and then he left. He came once to the college the year after he left. He came no doubt drawn by a sort of feeling that he might receive good. I happened to meet him at the train in Milwaukee and although he had come down to see me, he would not travel in the same car with me, and although he had come to see the college would not stay at the college, but stayed with an old comrade in the town. Drawn to the college and drawn away from it—all this way but the type of what was going on within his soul, just as all of us are drawn to God and by God while all the while we are drawing away from Him. Five years passed away and I heard no good of him. He was wild and dissipated. He never went to communion. It was another case to add a sting to the reproach sometimes made and with truth—so far as facts were concerned, that boys confirmed here did not always bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Before I go on, I must say something about this. More and more one feels how little the teacher can do for boys compared to what the parent can do—and how small a counterbalance good school training is against: first, inherited tendencies, and, second, bad training. Say for the first 12 or 13 years of a boy's life. I do not think that good Christian education in school is ever lost. It produces some good results always. Like prayer it never fails somehow and in some way, but ordinarily the inherited tendencies or the bad early training, or both, show themselves perhaps lessened and diminished, but still show themselves. The tendency of a youth is of course not to rise above the fountainhead from which he springs, and it ought to be an awful lesson to parents and to all to know that our own sins and self-indulgences are reproduced in some terrible way in children and make their battle all the more difficult. Thus though a lad may be greatly influenced for good through 3 years of life in a school; what is this against blood and nature and inherited sin? In addition to this, we must consider that [illegible] for the short time the boy is in school a good part of his time is often spent in resisting the very influences to which in part he yields. He does not get the full benefit of the system under which he studies. But at least with more or less preparation and repentance he is

confirmed and makes his first communion. Then he is taken away. Mark what follows—he goes out into a world never apparently more seductive, more full of temptation and of easier opportunities of sin than now. More than this, there is but little care taken for him. For the high parish with its pews and vestry and overgrown Sunday school, with its single priest doing all his work in the most unpriestly way, and with every disadvantage, what wonder if this poor soul drinks, or swears, or goes alas where purity and honor are so easily lost.

Then it is so readily said he had better not have been confirmed—and Christian education bears the reproach. Let it then only bear the sting. There was no case where the reproach on the whole seemed better deserved, than this. Poor boy. They told me he was paralyzed at 23 and that it was the result of dissipation. This last at least I think was wrong. I got a letter from his sister telling me he could not recover, but that he showed no signs of repentance, and begging me to write to him. I thought I ought to go to see him, but I was unwell and my mother's illness called me to the East. Still I might have gone and in simply writing to him as I did most earnestly, I feared I was not doing all I might. I felt it was more than I deserved when I heard that he had after receiving my letter sent for Dr. Paterson<sup>96</sup> and had received the holy communion. The one thought that had drawn him back to God under God and through His Grace had been the tie which bound him to his college and the memory of the religious teaching given him so long ago. I had written that I would come to him if he wished me to do so before the term opened. On my return I received a telegram to go at once. As I traveled thru Minnesota the next morning, after leaving Racine, the rain was pouring down drearily. Mr. Oakes and Willie Pope, now rector of a very successful parish in St. Paul, were waiting for me in the darkness at the train on my arrival. I sometimes wonder whether other people feel all the horrors that I feel. How I dreaded what I ought to have longed for, the sight of that boy. As I waited in the parlor to go and see him and the loud cough and groan from the room upstairs sounded down as if the house were already full of the presence of death, the horror increased. At last he was ready for me. What a story that sickness was. He had gone up to the Gold Mines at Vermilion<sup>97</sup> and was directing a quarry mill. Possessed of the most marvellous strength—capable of lifting more than three other men—in the hey day of youth—what physical evil could befall him? He was seized with liver complaint. For five or six weeks, he would not even give up to it. At last he started for home in an open canoe, but he only reached it to go to bed. In a fortnight he was paralyzed. Still, although the doctors said he could not recover he felt much confidence in his strength that he would not give up. For five months he battled with agony and approaching death. He had a nurse, a clairvoyant woman, and at the same time a communicant (they said) of the Church. When at one time he suffered the greatest agonies arising from spasms of the heart, she told him to swear as she thought it would silence him, and so he swore, until

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<sup>96</sup> Andrew Bell Paterson. -1876. DD. Yale. GTS. Rector of St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Minnesota 1856-1876. Paterson married Alice C. King, daughter of Charles King, president of Columbia University from 1849-1864.

<sup>97</sup> The short Vermilion Lake Gold Rush (September, 1865-July, 1866) was a failure. Despite eyewitness reports of gold veins "from three inches to ten feet in width, and many miles in length," very little was recovered. A geological survey in 1880 found no gold. See *The Vermilion Lake Gold Rush of 1865-1866: A Speculative Failure*, by Dana H. Miller M.A. Thesis, University of North Dakota, 1973. See also William Watts Folwell, *A History of Minnesota*, Saint Paul, MN: Minnesota Historical Society, 1930, volume 4, pp. 4-8.

God's grace triumphed over it. But now all this was over, and though he seemed with a strange hoping against hope, to have some lingering hope of life, he expected to die and was trying to be ready for it. So I saw him. Who would not have journeyed weeks for such a welcome, and for such love all undeserved. God gave him penitence and faith and peace. I never came into the room that he did not want me to pray for him and to read hymns to him. There was one thing much on my mind. Was he really penitent? He suffered so much being unable to lie upon his back for more than a few moments at a time and gasping for breath, that I could not be much alone with him and talk to him. I felt he ought to make his confession, and yet I dreaded to speak to him about it. I remembered how he had shrunk from any real acknowledgement of sin in the years gone by. I spoke to him, however, and he said at once that that was what he felt he ought to do. So he made it and received absolution. It was Sunday when the end came. Very early in the morning there had been a wail of sorrow through the house which had called me to his bedside. It was the beginning of the end. But he roused again as the sun shone out and the bells rang for church. I had promised to administer the communion to him that day, but I feared I could not as it seemed very difficult for him to swallow. But when the church bells rang, he asked what it was and when they told him it was Sunday, he asked that he might receive it at once. So all around the bed, father, mother and sisters knelt "all mourners one with dying breath"<sup>98</sup> and we celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. He was at rest before the sun went down.

May Jesus forgive him and pardon him, and in the last great day have mercy upon him and on me.

I slept that night in the room where I had been staying which was next to his. They had so laid him out that only the partition separated his head from mine. Before I lay down I looked into the closet of the room which had been his. There were his clothes and even his night dress—what a dreary night it was. In the morning I had to leave before the funeral. I went into the room to take one last look at him. There he lay so still and calm. The room was cleaned of all the various things which sickness gathers together for the relief or comfort of the sufferer. The bed on which he had suffered so long was empty. There was a certain ghostly tidiness about everything. The dim and dreary light of the dull snowy morning swept in through the half-closed blinds and I left him there—all that was mortal and earthly and physical of him—for his soul was at rest. How dreary that long day's rise was over the far-reaching Minnesota prairie land with the light snow only half covering the dry uncut grass. And yet, in spite of all the dreariness, how grateful I am to Him who gives all things for those last hours, that dying bed and the dear memory of that penitent boy.

Charles W. Oakes, aged 23. Jesus Mercy!

I ought to mention too that Dr. Park died during the last summer term and was brought here to be buried. He rests at the east end of the chapel.

Christmas Eve, 1869.

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<sup>98</sup> John Keble, *The Christian Year*, poem for "Visitation and Communion of the Sick."

I write all this on Christmas Eve. The boys for the first time for ten years have gone away for Christmas. 40 or 50 are left—but it seems lonely enough. So things change and pass. Yet what does it matter if still the Hymn of the Angels is ever being repeated from year to year.

Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will towards men.

May 15, 1870.

Today is a quiet Sunday. The sun is very warm and the birds are out much earlier than usual.

On Wednesday (D.V.) the boys are to return again. Lent was especially blessed last term. We had prayers for the Conversion of Sinners<sup>99</sup> every night after tea and many attended. It was a short service and was blessed we hope to many more than we know of. There were two communions in the week besides Sunday. Between 30 and 40 made their first communion on Easter morning and Mr. Pitts and I heard between 50 and 60 confessions in Holy Week. It was a trying Lent too because it seemed as if the harder we tried, the devil tried harder too, and while some were drawn nearer to God, some alas, seemed to go further from Him. But as Easter came Faith and Love seemed to conquer and the Easter joy was full of benediction. Still there were three or four who did not go to the communion, and one seemed more than usually hardened. They all left for the month's vacation on Easter Monday. Dear old Bishop Kemper lies in a fit of sickness, which it is feared is to be the end of his long and beautiful life. May God bless him. Today another old boy who is in his last illness in Chicago is to be confirmed in private by Bishop Whitehouse.<sup>100</sup> Geo. I. Blair.<sup>101</sup>

Sept. 18, 1870.

The term has ended again. Tomorrow will be my 39th birthday. It is well we do not know what is before us, or I should have shrunk from the present term. It has been hot, laborious, and full of sadness in some respects. Financially, it has been better than any term, as we have saved about \$3,500 over and above our expenses. Dr. Locke went to Europe and I officiated for him two Sundays in June, the day after one I attended George Blair's funeral. Just after convention, one of the old boys, George Reddington, begged me to stay in town the next day and marry him, which, of course, I did. Now I must mention the great trouble of the term. I had determined to have a retreat at the college. The first ever held in this part of the world. There was some opposition. The Bishop, although at first apparently consenting, when too late to make any change, which I should not have felt called upon to do at any rate, I think, seemed to object and soon held aloof. It was not positively arranged. Father Prescott of Cowley, St. John,<sup>102</sup> was to conduct it

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<sup>100</sup> Henry John Whitehouse (1803-1874). Deacon October 10, 1824 (Croes); Priest . Bishop of Illinois.

<sup>101</sup> George I. Blair.

<sup>102</sup> Oliver Sherman Prescott (March 24, 1824-November 17, 1903). Born at New Haven, Connecticut. Deacon September 16, 1847 (Brownell); Priest August 20, 1848 (L. S. Ives). Mission Priest of the Society of St. John the Evangelist (Cowley Fathers) 1869-. Rector of the Church of Ascension, Westminster, Maryland 1852-1857; St. Peter's, Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, 1857-1861; Trinity Church, Newport, Rhode Island April, 1861-July 30, 1863; Christ Church, West Haven, Connecticut 1865-1869; Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 1876-1881; St. Luke's (Colored) Church 1886-. See *Resistance to*

and he arrived a very hot Saturday. For a long time we had been troubled by stealing. A sort of stealing too which showed skill. If a student had \$20, \$15 would be taken and \$5 left. Studs or jewelry of any kind would not be touched. We suspected and suspected, but could discover nothing. The Thursday night before Father Prescott came, I had been startled by a terrible explosion of some made torpedo in the building—an explosion which was repeated on Friday night. We make such efforts to make Taylor Hall a true home, we spend so much time and thought and care to have it all that it should be, that this was an offense far greater than the mere mention of it would indicate. It was really as the event proved, an attempt to destroy this part of the collegiate work and make a barrack of the home we were seeking to build up. The head master did his best to discover the offender, but in vain, every boy in the college denied having done it. Somehow the impression was forced upon me that the youth who stole, and the one who fired off the torpedo, were one and the same. I therefore called the boys together and required them to tell me on their honor if they had done it, but three said they knew something about it. One of these was Charles Doe, a prefect, for a long time, a scholar here but of late so conducting himself that he had lost my confidence. By his office he was required to tell of such matters, if I demanded it. I did demand it and he refused. I told him he must leave the college unless he did so. He accepted the alternative. I however so far retreated as to give him time for consideration and made every effort to make him do what he ought. He not only refused to do so, but showed a wrong and offensive spirit. I sent him home to his father—an old friend—a good churchman, with the hope that he might induce him to do his duty. It was a delicate matter, for although there was no real honor at the bottom, it seemed like one who was sacrificing himself to save his fellows. So when he went away that night for the first time for years there was an act which approached to rebellion. As he left the dining hall the boys applauded him. Fr. Prescott was at the table and this added to my mortification. On Sunday Fr. Prescott preached a very earnest sermon to the boys. Somehow I felt that Smith, Doe's roommate, was the guilty party. I talked with him most earnestly, but he denied it so earnestly. On Monday I went to Milwaukee and had to meet Mr. Doe upon a committee meeting about the school at Kenosha. In the course of my conversation, he told me what I had not known, that Smith had stolen before he came to Racine; indeed had been sent here because of that. On my return I endeavoured again to bring Smith to a confession of what I felt now still more sure was his wrong. For 24 hours I made him face his condition in solitude. Fr. Prescott talked to him, but so great was Smith's plausibility that he convinced the good Father of his innocence. Meanwhile he prayed for him, and so it came to pass that the poor fellow owned that he had both prepared the torpedo and had stolen at least a portion of the money. In his confession he implicated two others in the torpedo wrong, one the son of a Bishop, but a very bad fellow, in spite of his ecclesiastical belongings. Now came the great trouble. Both these young men denied it. They said with some apparent show of reason, "Will you take the word of a man who acknowledges himself a thief and a liar against us?" And although these two fellows were both bad fellows such was the prevalent disloyalty that they found great sympathy. Meanwhile the retreat was going on, and the effort to attend to this and that at the same time—this effort to draw near to God on the one hand and the raging of men on the other



made it very trying. It seemed necessary to convince the young men of the justice of the course I felt called upon to pursue to prove from evidence independent of Smith's confession that these youths were guilty. They both asserted that they had not been with Smith the night when the torpedo was made and fired off. Not to enter into the various steps which were curious enough, it all turned on this, if it could be shown that the son of the Bishop was at a certain place with Smith on that night where he expressly declared he was not, he was unquestionably guilty.

At the early celebration I asked through Father Prescott the prayer of the clergy that justice might be done and the truth brought to light and it came to pass that that very morning that the testimony came which showed the guilt of the unhappy youths. The steps necessary made me late to morning chapel and as I came in the prefect reading the lesson, read the text, "O Thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"<sup>103</sup> I ought to add, that while the examination was going on Doe returned to the college and refused still to do his duty although the offense had been discovered showing that either the root of his conduct was pride or such a guilty connection with the whole matter that he was afraid of his accomplices. It was all very painful, but as something ludicrous is sure to come in all things, there was the odd coincidence that while the retreat was going on in the chapel, I was obliged to hold a retreat with a low church Bishop in my study on the subject of his son's wickedness. The poor Bishop was not very reasonable and although he knew well of his son's evil character, like all parents wanted to shield him. When all was over, of course, many things showed that we had cleared out of the college a most evil element and had wrought a victory for good which would last us for a long time. All the students too felt it and were convinced both of the justice and righteousness of what had been done. At the end of that week, Mr. Pitts told me of his engagement to Miss Canfield so that it closed as eventfully as it began. Commencement was very beautiful. The weather all the time was delightful. The Bishop of Tennessee<sup>104</sup> who preached the Baccalaureate sermon at St. Luke's Church added much to our pleasure and happiness by his earnest churchmanship and hearty genial ways. His scarlet hood as a D.C.L. of Cambridge added much to the beauty of his robes (if the Episcopal robes can claim any title to beauty—which they cannot). My own pleasure in commencement was marred by the sad news of the death of my poor sister's only surviving child, leaving her childless and sorrowing. On Tuesday, the 14th of December, in the bright sunshine I married Mr. Pitts and Miss Canfield. There was a choral wedding with the holy communion and nothing could have been more beautiful or solemn. The commencement exercises were unusually good and on the 16th all parted hither and thither.

Merriam.<sup>105</sup>

I was very sorry to bid good bye to Merriam, dear fellow, for he has been here for six years or more. That indeed is the trial of this kind of life. One learned to love the boys and young men as though they were one's children and then they go away and come back but rarely and other ties grown up with them, and then, too, other boys come to me and so things change.

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<sup>103</sup> Matthew 14:31

<sup>104</sup> Charles Todd Quintard (1824-1898). Deacon January 1, 1855 (Otey); Consecrated October 11, 1865.

<sup>105</sup> William R. Merriam (). Racine B.A. 1870.

It was a pretty weary term, and the news in the world outside, the French and Prussian War, the sudden downfall of Louis Napoleon, all added to the sense of unrest and trouble.

Oct. 29th.

I went back to Middletown, as usual. Mother in her 81st year is better than she was a year ago and calmer. She just forgets enough not to be troubled at the afflictions of her children as she would have been a year ago. She is pleasant and lovely. She is more at peace too religiously. It is a fault of our communion that she does not give a sufficient assurance of pardon by her priesthood, that we see people of singularly innocent and beautiful lives like my mother who yet do not seem to have the assurance of pardon. We were four generations in the house on one of the days of my visit. My mother, myself, two of my nieces, and my youngest niece's baby. My youngest niece has married a man Alsop. His greatgrandmother was her greatgrandmother's bridesmaid—her grandmother was his grandmother's bridesmaid, and now at last the families are connected. It is very odd to go back to an old town like Middletown where one lived in youth and knew many people, and every year to find the circle growing narrower and narrower. I amuse myself with the conceit supposing some day I should return and know no one and then go round to all the houses and ask at the well-known doors for people who were dead and gone. As it is, my niece, who is full of life, and I amuse ourselves in the dullness of the town in making believe that all sorts of great people are visiting us, sometimes they are poets and literary men, sometimes the Pope and Louis Napoleon favor us. We converse with them as though they were there and are much disturbed at the disputes that go on between Cardinal Antonelli and the Holy Father.<sup>106</sup> But all this is not the college.

January 1, 1871.

The boys are away for the holidays. We have changed the vacations and henceforth the terms will be like other colleges, beginning in September and ending in July with a recess of four weeks at Christmas. The headmaster went this fall to Europe, tired out with work, he has a six months' leave of absence. George Meade went with him. Between Arthur Piper and Mr. Pitts and Hudson the places are well supplied and everything goes well. There are fifty-three collegiate students, a large number for us. There are, however, not quite so many in the grammar school. I feel a little anxious about many matters. It is pleasant at last to have one of our graduates, and so good a one as Piper return to help us. Before I forget it, I must record that old Mrs. Christie grows feeble. She said on Thanksgiving Day that it was the quietest 4th of July she had ever passed and that the Dr. would not let the boys have any fireworks because of the dried leaves on the ground. To the south of the college lies a graveyard now with but few new burials made in it, because of the encroachments of the lake. We walk there a good deal before the snow comes. Mr. Pitts has pointed out to me a characteristic epitaph. It is to a

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<sup>106</sup> Giacomo Cardinal Antonelli (April 2, 1806-November 6, 1876) was the last of the so-called "lay cardinals," of the Roman Catholic Church, having never been ordained to the priesthood. He was a Canon of St. Peter's, Rome and served subsequently as Papal Minister of Finance and Secretary of State. From about 1850 to 1870 he was the secular ruler of Rome. See Frank J. Coppa, *Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli and Papal Politics in European Affairs*. Albany: SUNY Press, 1990. The Pope here is Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, Pius IX, May 13, 1792-February 7, 1878. NB DeKoven's reference to him as "the Holy Father."

Mrs. James who died at a very advanced age. The daughter who evidently put up the tombstone, after giving the usual dates, adds, "Mother of Mrs. P. B. Wheeler" as if that were all one could desire as a record. Somebody has written underneath, doubtless some one of the stragglers who frequent the graveyard, "And son of the devil."

August 7, 1871.

Another college year is over and has been a very busy one, as usual. Lent was unusually blest. The same service for the conversion of sinners said the year before was used and with blessed results. Father Benson<sup>107</sup> and Mr. Puller of St. Paul's, Walworth<sup>108</sup> were here and officiated occasionally. Father Benson preached a weekly sermon on Tuesdays in the chapel. Shortly after Easter the headmaster and George Meade returned. I went to Chicago to meet them. The college prefects met us at Kenosha and all were glad to see him back again. How odd human nature is, when he was with us before going to Europe, the boys thought him very stern and severe, and Mr. Pitts all that was lovely. When Mr. Pitts took the headmaster's duties, the boys gradually began to regard the headmaster as not quite so bad as they thought, soon they began to wish him back. Then they thought him almost angelic. What was odder still, some of the parents (who, of course, dear souls, never form their opinions from their children) went through the same changes. The boys recarpeted and otherwise beautified the headmaster's room for him and all were glad to welcome him.

This year has seen a new feature of kind remembrance on the part of the old boys. Several of them have brought their newly married wives to see me. It was very pleasant to have them do so.

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<sup>107</sup> Richard Meux Benson (1824-1915) See Martin L. Smith, *Benson of Cowley* (Oxford University Press, 1980). *Letters of Richard Meux Benson, Student of Christ Church; Founder and First Superior of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley*; selected and arranged by G. Congreve and W. H. Longridge with an introductory memoir by the Right Rev. A. C. A. Hall. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman, 1916; *Further Letters of Richard Meux Benson*, edited by W. H. Longridge. Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1920.

<sup>108</sup> Frederick William Puller (September 11, 1843-February 10, 1938). Eton; Trinity, Cambridge; Cuddesdon. Vicar of Roath, Cardiff, 1872-1880; Novice SSJE 1880; Professed 1885, in the Cape Town Province of the Society from 1885-1891; Novice Master of the SSJE at Cowley, 1891-; Superior of St. Cuthbert's Mission, Tsolo, (now Transkei, South Africa) 1904-1909. Fr. Puller baptized Bernard Mizeki, "the Martyr of Mashonaland" on March 9, 1886. He transferred the entirety of his significant inheritance on his father's death in 1885 to the House of Mercy at Leliebloem, now in the Woodstock section of Capetown, South Africa. Interestingly, Fr. Puller received his last Communion from Cecil Alderson, the Bishop of Mashonaland in 1938. Jean Farrant, *Mashonaland Martyr: Bernard Mizeki and the Pioneer Church*. Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1966, pp. 13-15, 17, 24, 27, 31, 40, 46, 60, 62-63, 207. See *Cowley: A Quarterly Magazine*, 12:41, Spring 1938, pp. 21-28. Puller wrote *The Rights and Duties of Parish Priests* (1880); *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (1893); *The Anointing of the Sick* (1904); *The Continuity of the Church of England* (1913); *The Relation of the English Church to the Monarchical Claims of the Church of Rome* (1915); *Concerning the Fast before Communion* (1928) and many other books and articles.

The WIHS transcription of 1957 read "Nalworth." I am grateful to the Reverend Eldridge Pendleton, SSJE; Thomas J. W. Mason, and Ted W. Koch of the Wisconsin State Cartographer's Office for assistance in identifying St. Paul's, Walworth as St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square in the Walworth district of London. See *A South London Parish: Thirteen years in S. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, Walworth*, by Charles Hare Simpkinson. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: E. & J. B. Young, 1894. See also *Five Years in a South London Parish: A Memorial of Evelyn Ferguson Alexander* (London: Privately Printed, 1888).

I must mention, as I have overlooked it, that a year ago last Spring old Uncle Rowe, sometime bookkeeper to the cook at Trinity College, Cambridge, died. He was admirable at sweeping the chapel and blacking boots. We had taken him in as he was utterly destitute and at first he seemed to be of not much account. He was very deaf and wore a wig. As he swept the chapel he sang old songs which I feared were not very pious—as no one could ever distinguish anything that he sang, we were fain to believe that they were of a religious character. But he gradually grew better. He could not hear anything but he always came to chapel and finally to communion, and took to reading his bible and prayer book. No doubt, too, as he swept the chapel the angels preached little sermons to him. We cared for him well and he died peacefully—old Pulliam, the carpenter, missed him. He lingered a good while and Mr. Pitts attended him in his last illness.

One night (I was at the East) Mr. Pitts being afraid he might die, gave Pulliam directions to call him if there were any change. I do not think he will die tonight, said Pulliam solemnly. “He is a very disappointing man.”

Dec. 24, 1871.

I began where I left off on this quiet Sunday with the boys away again, all but twelve who stay for the four weeks vacation. Last summer was an eventful one. There was a great trouble on the subject of confession. I had heard the confessions of some Nashotah students, chiefly my old boys who naturally came to me as their Father and friend, and one or two who were sent to me in some manner. Dr. Cole did not object, and when one applied, who had no claim on me and I asked his leave he gave it freely, but Dr. Adams and Dr. Kemper made it the occasion of a great row. It is not worth while to write the particulars. I believe I acted right in all respects. There was a somewhat amusing controversy on the “Anima Christi” which Dr. Adams had grievously assaulted at the time, commending Andrews’ Devotions which have the “Anima Christi” in them. I could not resist a little satire on the subject. The convention followed and I was elected to the General Convention by a large majority and Dr. Adams hardly elected. Then came the General Convention with the debates on ritual and in the midst of the terrible Chicago fire.<sup>109</sup> That 9th of October will not soon be forgotten. It was a pleasant enough day in Baltimore and I attended the consecration of the Assistant Bishop of South Carolina.<sup>110</sup> The next day came the news and it was followed by a week of terrible anxiety. My own

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<sup>109</sup> DeKoven participated very actively in this convention’s debates and proceedings. See *Debates of the House of Deputies in the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Held in Baltimore, MD., October, A.D. 1871, as Reported for “The Churchman,”* by D.F. Murphy & Co. Hartford: M.H. Mallory, 1871. DeKoven speaks on pp. 98-99, 112, 121, 155, 158-159, 173, 177, 322-323, 340-343, 482, 501-502, 504-507, 519, 534. His contributions were frequently humorous. For example, in the course of a debate on the propriety of vows in monastic life, DeKoven said, “I trust we are not going to introduce any resolution which will prevent people from getting married if they want to. [Laughter.]” pp. 322-323.

<sup>110</sup> William Bell White Howe (March 31, 1823-November 25, 1894). Born in Claremont, New Hampshire. Deacon April 9, 1847; Priest June 3, 1849 (Gadsden); Bishop October 8, 1871. Assistant Minister in charge of St. John’s, Berkeley in St. Philip’s Parish, Charleston, South Carolina (1847-1859); Rector of St. Philip’s (1859-1871); . Bishop of South Carolina 1871-1894. The preacher at the consecration was George Augustus Selwyn, first Bishop of New Zealand. See *Sermons Preached in His Diocese*, by the Late Rt. Rev. W. B. W. Howe, D.D. New York: James Pott & Company, 1897, pp. vi-xvii. He received the first honorary D.D. of the University of the South in 1871.

friends did not suffer very greatly although my sister's house was burned, nor did I myself suffer, but so many others whom I knew were terribly injured in their property that for a while the distress was very great. I returned to the college on the 8th of November. Everything was prosperous. The new dining hall which had opportunely been built and paid for by kind friends before the fire, was a great comfort and convenience.

Indeed God's Providence has so ordered it that so far at least the fire had not proved an injury. I was ready to help all that needed it in the school, but only one or two others who came afterwards so far have needed any assistance. Our very change of terms had helped us, for had the college been opened as formerly in November instead of September, it would have been very disastrous. Mr. Pitts is to leave us, I am sorry to say, in the spring. We have 190 students, 70 being in the collegiate department.

January 12, 1873.

In the winter, February of 1872, Mr. Pitts left the college and was succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Converse<sup>111</sup> as head of Kemper Hall. All that winter I was engaged in a controversy on the holy eucharist with Dr. Craik<sup>112</sup> of Louisville, who accused me of idolatry; this was the result of the General Convention and of the part I took in it, in opposing legislation on the subject of ritualism. The beautiful dining hall which was built by contributions of Chicago people chiefly was finished in the autumn of 1871, and in the spring of 1872 we determined to build a new school room making the front of the quadrangle complete. We ran into debt for it hoping to pay for it out of our earnings. I myself advanced the money for it, at least as much as was needed, the college paying the interest. It was finished in time for the fall term in September, 1872, and added greatly to our accommodations. It enabled us to make our system of houses much more complete by taking the school rooms out of Park Hall as the completion of the dining room had taken the dining hall out of Kemper Hall. Each house now has a head or second and a matron, the dormitories and common room as I have named it for the boys to sit in and read, etc. It gives each house a much more homelike feeling, the wonder is how we ever did without it. There are this winter about 160 boys in the grammar school and about 60 in the collegiate department. We have abolished a scientific department, which was a sham, and this has reduced our numbers a little. The whole question of government of young men has been before us for grave consideration and we are more and more convinced that our only *raison d'être* as a college is to give careful training under law to our students. We must govern them spiritually and morally, as well as intellectually. Living as they do with us our whole system must differ from colleges which adopt other principles. Of course, this is what we set out with, but sometimes in the midst of the

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<sup>111</sup> John Holmes Converse (October 3, 1837- May 5, 1904). Born at Frederick, Maryland. Harvard 1857. Berkeley Divinity School, 1868; Deacon June 5, 1868; Priest December 16, 1868 (Connecticut). Professor of Latin and Greek at Racine 1871-1881. Assistant Minister at. St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia 1868-1870; Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Westminster, Maryland 1870-1871; Trinity Church, Bristol, Rhode Island 1881-1884; principal of a boys school at New Hamburg, New York 1884-1891; Christ Church, Riverton, New Jersey 1891-1893; Church of the Messiah, Gwynned, Pennsylvania 1895-1904.

<sup>112</sup> James Craik (August 31, 1806-June 9, 1882). Born in Alexandria, Virginia. Transylvania University. Deacon December 4, 1839 (Meade); Priest 1841. Rector of St. John's, Charleston, Virginia 1839-1844; Christ Church Louisville 1844-1882. Founder of the Orphanage of the Good Shepherd, Louisville, 1869-1870. [sisterhood] Deputy to General Convention in twelve consecutive conventions, 1847-1880. President of General Convention in 1865, 1868, 1871, and 1874.

laxity which prevails elsewhere one's faith [illegible]. Perhaps we were becoming careless. Putting down rules and not looking out enough for their fulfilment, and some drinking and other things were springing up in our midst. It came from some laxity about rules, and while we are not as strict and indeed could not be as in the earliest days of the college, we are more and more convinced of the excellence of the system which we have adopted. Of course, as years go on we vary in details, now and then we make mistakes and correct them. We have often been in doubt as to how far we should go and how far watchfulness, how strict we should be, etc., but we know that the plan is right. In a university where men are 24 or 25 with habits more or less formed, it may be safe to trust simply to influences, but with youths from 16 to 20 it must be different. We have organized a missionary body among the clergy and we have four mission stations. Holy Innocents', at the Junction, under Dr. Falk, is very flourishing. Mr. Spalding is doing well at Sagetown. There has been there some worry about ritualism and good Mrs. Topling who is the chief woman asked Mr. Spalding very solemnly "What this was about elevating the ghost."<sup>113</sup> I have had to expel and drop five college students for drinking and other wrongs this winter. We hope that this discipline will be solutions.

On Wednesday, the 15th, we expect the boys again. Merriam and Andrews were married this Fall. The latter I married. Another writes he is engaged and when married wishes to bring his wife to see me. The marrying time has now begun. Out of so many, I suppose someone will be doing something all the time soon.

August 30, 1874.

It is about 18 months since I have written a word in this journal, months full of cares and sorrows though not especially connected with the college. The college year of 1874 closed very pleasantly, 112 graduated. Bishop Whitehouse was here for the last time and conferred the degrees in Divinity on Hobart Brown,<sup>114</sup> Dr. Welles,<sup>115</sup> the Bishop-Elect of Wisconsin, Mr. Sullivan of Chicago, and Lew Charles, son of the Marquis of Bristol.

There were 200 in attendance through the year though 172 only at the close. Our arrangements are now very perfect. Dean Arthur Piper as head of Park Hall with Hudson to assist him, George Meade as head of Kemper Hall and Dillon was the second, and Mr. Luther<sup>116</sup> as rector of the grammar school. The last we have found a valuable acquisition.

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<sup>113</sup> DeKoven's interlocutor has misunderstood a criticism about "elevating the Host," a practice indicative of extreme post-Tractarian ritualism.

<sup>114</sup> John Henry Hobart Brown (December 1, 1831-May 2, 1888). GTS 1854. Deacon July 2, 1854 (Wainwright); Priest December 1, 1855. Founding rector of the Church of the Good Angels (subsequently Emmanuel), Brooklyn, New York; rector of the Church of the Evangelists, New York, (1856-1863); rector of St. John's Church, Cohoes, New York (1863-1875); First Bishop of Fond du Lac (1875-1888). His wife was Anna C. Upjohn, daughter of Gothic revival architect Richard Upjohn (1802-78). Brown received the degree of S.T.D. from Racine College in 1874.

<sup>115</sup> Edward Randolph Welles (1830-1888). Deacon December 20, 1857 (DeLancey). See *Memoirs of the late Rt. Rev. Edward Randolph Welles, S.T.D.* Edited by his son, the Rev. Edward Sprague Welles. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman, 1889.

<sup>116</sup> Flavel Sweeten Luther, Jr. (March 26, 1850-January 4, 1928) Trinity, Hartford B.A. 1870, M.A. 1873. Ph.D. 1896. Deacon 1871 (G.W. Doane) Professor at Racine 1872-1881; Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 1881-1883; of Mathematics at Trinity, Hartford, Connecticut 1883-. President of Trinity College 1904-. Married to Isabel Blake Ely, November 2, 1871.

Dr. Tucker of Troy<sup>117</sup> who recommended him thought that the name would be of special use to a college of ritualistic proclivities, and he has proved a most valuable teacher. He has advanced the grade of scholarship and more, all the boys love him. Mr. Spalding, who is to be married on Tuesday, September 1, to Frankie Wheeler, Prof. Wheeler's child, who was a very little girl when I came here, has been head of Taylor Hall. We made some important changes in our religious government a year ago. We had a daily communion before breakfast which the boys of course are not required to attend. We shortened very greatly the morning prayer, putting it immediately after breakfast so that the boys could go from the dining hall to chapel and also shortened the evening service. We do not have the voluntary noon service we used to have, but keep the short service for the conversion of sinners in Lent. The change has so far worked out admirably and seems to be very beneficial. We also have organized a chapter for the religious government of the chapel or collegiate church and the proper carrying out of missionary labor in the neighborhood. The government of the college is carried on as to studies, etc., by the warden and board of Fellows, under them the college faculty manages the collegiate department, and the rector of the grammar school manages the grammar school under the direction of the warden. Discipline is managed by the warden and head master, now called the sub warden, in the religious care. The heads of houses take care of the houses and are responsible to the warden and his assistant, the sub warden.

A year ago in the autumn of 1873 just after the term closed, a young man called to see me. He had left here many years ago quite under a cloud and I heard no good of him afterwards. He had never been baptized. I was gratified to have him come and say that he had failed in doing his duty here as a boy, and he had come back to the college that he might begin again, and asked me to baptize him. Finding him apparently a true penitent, I did so, and George Meade who had been a fellow pupil and who is the head of one of our houses, was one of the witnesses. I have since heard of Mr. Ninsin's marriage and Bishop Clarke spoke of him as an earnest churchman the other day in Dakota territory. William Lee whose sins are also recorded somewhere in this book came back and spent a Sunday here. He too is married, doing well, and is sorry for his past. These things make one very thankful. Several boys have brought their wives to see me this year. W. Eldredge spent commencement here with his. LeGrand Burton who traveled with me in Europe writes of his engagement and Newton Lull,<sup>118</sup> C. Andrewes<sup>119</sup> and W. Merriam have babies.

My year has been saddened by the following ecclesiastical events. In the spring of 1873 an effort was made to elect me Bishop of Massachusetts. Some forty clergy voted for me and almost as many laity.<sup>120</sup> Dr. Paddock<sup>121</sup> had however I think some dozen

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<sup>117</sup> John Ireland Tucker (1819-August 17, 1895). Deacon June 30, 1844 (B.T. Onderdonk). Church of the Holy Cross, Troy, New York (April 5, 1849-). He was among the founders of the New-York Ecclesiological Society, promoting the study of Christian architecture and associated arts, in 1848. See Christopher W. Knauff, *Doctor Tucker, Priest-Musician: A Sketch which Concerns the Doings and Thinkings of the Rev. John Ireland Tucker, S.T.D. including a Brief Converse about the Rise and Progress of Church Music in America*. New York: A.D.F. Randolph, 1897.

<sup>118</sup> Newton Lull (December 27, 1848-). Racine B.A. 1869. The child was Webster Lull, born in Chicago on June 29, 1874.

<sup>119</sup> Charles E. Andrews (). Racine B.A. 1868.

<sup>120</sup> Journal of the Eighty-third Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Massachusetts, held in St. Paul's Church, Boston, on May 14 and 15, 1873. Boston: William A. Hall, 1873, pp. 62-64. In the first ballot, DeKoven received 28 and 30 votes in clerical and lay orders; in the second ballot, 34 and 34; in the third ballot, 40 and 32. Other unsuccessful candidates in this election included

more votes and was elected. All summer in the *Church Journal*, owing to some unadvised remarks of Dr. Evans<sup>122</sup> and the real want of principle of the editor,<sup>123</sup> there were attacks upon me as being an extreme man, etc., of which I took no notice. This was followed in the fall by the secession of Bishop Cummins<sup>124</sup> and a persistent accusation by him and his followers against myself and Racine as a reason by the confession that prevailed here, etc., of his secession. I made a denial of the charges and was thinking of publishing the letters when Bishop Armitage<sup>125</sup> to whom I had written wrote me advising me not to do so. It was the last letter the dear Bishop ever wrote me and a few days after he had written it, he was at rest with God. Then followed his funeral and a special Council in February to elect a new Bishop. I was appointed to preach a memorial sermon which I did the night before the Council.<sup>126</sup> Very bitter attacks had been made upon me, the chief one being contained in a pamphlet entitled "Principles Not Men"—signed and circulated by Dr. Kemper, Dr. Adams and Dr. Egar<sup>127</sup> and others. It was written by Dr. Egar. This led to a defense of myself before the Council, and a publication of the same in a pamphlet entitled "A Theological Defense, etc." The special Council adjourned without an election, though I was elected by the clergy and very bitter attacks were made upon me, especially by the *Church Journal*, the efforts of which had been continuous to injure me. At the next Council I would not allow my name to be used and after Dr. Brown had been elected by the clergy, there was a conference which resulted in the nomination of the Rev. Dr. Welles of Redwing. I myself was the person who publicly nominated him and he was unanimously elected.

It seems to have been a good choice and the whole matter so far has been over ruled for good. It has also been blessed in another way, in bringing many to a far clearer and fuller appreciation of Eucharistic doctrine. Still it has been a sad year as such a period must needs have been. I have been spending the vacation here writing an article on

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Morgan Dix, Thomas Gallaudet, Alexander Burgess, Eugene Augustus Hoffman and William Reed Huntington.

<sup>121</sup> Benjamin Henry Paddock (February 28, 1828-March 9, 1891). Trinity College, Hartford 1848; General Seminary 1851. Deacon June 29, 1851 (Brownell); Priest September 27, 1853. Rector of St. Luke's, Portland, Maine (1853); Trinity Church, Norwich, Connecticut (1853-1860); Christ Church, Detroit, Michigan (1860-1869); Grace Church, Brooklyn (1869-1873). Fifth Bishop of Massachusetts (1873-1891).  
<sup>122</sup>

<sup>123</sup> Hugh Miller Thompson. -November 18, 1902. Born in Ireland. Second Bishop of Mississippi. Assistant Bishop February 24, 1883-February 13, 1887; Diocesan to November 18, 1902

<sup>124</sup> George David Cummins (1822-1876). Cummins led the schism of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

<sup>125</sup> Edmond Armitage (1830-1873). First Rector of Saint John's, Detroit, Michigan (1858-1866); Assistant Bishop to Jackson Kemper (1866-1870); Second Bishop of Wisconsin (1870-1873)  
<sup>126</sup>

<sup>127</sup> John Hodson [Hudson?] Egar (March 15, 1832-August 15, 1924). Born at Upwell, England. Nashotah B.D. 1856; Racine D.D. 1873. Deacon May 18, 1856; Priest June 10, 1857 (Kemper). Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Nashotah 1872-1881. Rector of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin 1857-58; St. Matthias, Waukesha, Wisconsin 1857-58; St. Paul's, Beloit, Wisconsin 1858-1860; Grace Church, Galena, Illinois 1860-1863; St. Paul's, Leavenworth, Kansas 1863-1868; St. Peter's, Pittsburgh 1868-1872; Zion Church, Rome, New York February 18, 1881-November 1, 1903. Author of *The Threefold Grace of the Holy Trinity* (Philadelphia, 1870), *The Eucharistic Controversy and the Episcopate of Wisconsin* (1874); *The Story of Nashotah* (London: SPCK, 1873; Milwaukee: Burdick & Armitage 1874); *Christendom Ecclesiastical and Political from Constantine to the Reformation* (New York, 1887), *The American Catholic Theory of the Church* (1909) *The Apostolic Church of the English Tongue* (1911) and *Introits for the Seasons of the Christian Year* (c. 1923).



the Eucharistic controversy and otherwise preparing for the General Convention. The sudden death of Bishop Whitehouse, who was at commencement, has been a great blow to us all. He died Monday morning, Aug. 10th, and was buried on the 13th. I attended his funeral which was a very imposing one, but there was no celebration.

So while writing this I left my study and walked about the college grounds. There had been a storm and now the clouds had vanished and the sun was shining brightly. The grass which the drought nearly had withered looked fresh and green again. The flowers in the window boxes are very bright. The pleasant wind played in the woodbine which covers one side of the chapel and a part of Taylor Hall. Never did the chapel garden with its foliage bed and the tryst geraniums and verbenas seem more lovely. The buildings now all fresh and clean and ready for the term which is soon to open were very noble to look upon. I thank God for it all. I thought of the boys who had been here—a thousand or more. I thought of all the trials the church now has to bear, of the terrible questions men now must meet, of life growing older, of the longings which cannot be satisfied, and I had mingled feelings of thankfulness, peace and sorrow. But I bless God for the college though no one knows as well as I how poorly I have done my work and how much I have to regret. May God forgive it all and accept it and make it better than any work of mine can deserve.

My dear mother has been thought to be dying this summer. She no longer knows her children. I administered the communion to her last All Saints' Day, November, 1873. My sister, Elizabeth, is with her, my eldest brother and his family are in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee and Edward spent a few days with me. The latter is a candidate for holy orders and a student in the General Theological Seminary. He has been good enough to copy for me an article I have had to write on the Eucharistic Controversy.<sup>128</sup> The promise of his youth seems to be fulfilled. He is very gentle, earnest, hard-working and devout. Luther Pardee is to be ordained (D.V.) on Friday week by the Bishop of Missouri. I have had a visit too this summer from Stephen Frisbie and his wife and two children, one named after me. He is a faithful clergyman doing his duty well in a humble country parish in Michigan.

Tuesday, September 1.

Mr. Spalding was married to Frances A. Wheeler,<sup>129</sup> who came here one year before myself with her father the Professor—then a child of 5 or 6 years of age. She has grown up here and Mr. Spalding has known her for fourteen years. His two brothers assisted at the wedding. The ladies made a beautiful arch of flowers under which they stood and the holy eucharist was offered. The wedding was very private but we all gathered at Mrs. Wheeler's and at noon the bridal pair went away together on their journey. It was a perfect day for there was a beautiful haze in the air. The rain had stirred the grass and flowers and all seemed very beautiful. The flags waved lazily atop the buildings in honor of the day and all was peaceful and beautiful.

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<sup>128</sup> "The Eucharistic Controversy" was published in *The Church and the World* for October, 1874. It was subsequently reprinted in a pamphlet of 45 pages with no indication of place or publisher. The article is a review of three pamphlets: *Eucharistic Presence*, *Eucharistic Sacrifice*, and *Eucharistic Adoration*, by Samuel Buel; *The Eucharistic Controversy and the Episcopate of Wisconsin*, by John Egar; and *Three Letters upon the Confessional*, by William Adams.

<sup>129</sup> Francis Amanda Wheeler ().

When all was over there was a kind of loneliness too.

Jan. 11, 1875.

It is vacation again and very much has happened for the days and years now are full of events, though they do not affect the college very much except so far as what befalls the church at large or myself in particular affects it.

The term opened very pleasantly in the pleasant September weather (if the writing is bad, it is because of a cat who is purring and rubbing her head against my hand as I write. The creature jumps at my pen even). I was obliged, however, to leave by the 1st of October to attend the General Convention.

Meanwhile my friend, Dr. Seymour,<sup>130</sup> had been elected Bishop of Illinois. There was every prospect of trouble on the subject of ritualism and some doubt as to Dr. Seymour's confirmation. The history of the convention would be an interesting one. For months before the Church had been excited by the *Church Journal* and by those of the school of Bishop Coxe, and so the convention felt it must do something. I had said of myself that it would be easier to condemn the Eucharistic advent than Eucharistic Adoration, and the mere charge that Dr. Seymour was suspected of such views added to the recollections of some controversies in which he had been engaged in the seminary<sup>131</sup> which gave just enough reason for the poor souls who were anxious to reject him on other grounds, but did not like to do so altogether, were sufficient and although he had a numerical majority in the house, he was defeated in a vote by dioceses and orders. I was staying with him and did my best to cheer and help him, but owing, I think, to false timidity and want of zeal and boldness in conducting the case, I was not allowed to say anything in his behalf though most anxious to do so. The secret session lasted for eight days and there was a mighty debate.

In the debate on Ritualism which followed I was enabled to defend the views on the Eucharist, I believe to be true in such a manner as to remove some of the prejudice against them. I shall never forget the time and occasion and the responsibility there was placed upon me. I returned to the college and endeavoured to do all that I could, but on the 8th of December, eight days before the term closed, I received by telegram news of

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<sup>130</sup> George Franklin Seymour (January 5, 1829-December 8, 1906). Columbia 1850; GTS 1854 (classmate of DeKoven). Deacon December 17, 1854; Priest September 23, 1855 (H. Potter). Racine STD 1867; LLD Columbia 1878. Founder and first Warden of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New York (now Bard College) 1860-1861; Rector of St. Mary's, Manhattanville, New York 1861; Christ Church, Hudson, New York 1862; St. John's, Brooklyn, New York 1863-January, 1867. Professor of Ecclesiastical History at GTS 1865-1879; Dean of GTS 1875-June, 1878. He was elected Bishop of Illinois in 1874, but he failed to gain the necessary consents in that year's General Convention. Seymour was elected unanimously as bishop of the newly-erected Diocese of Springfield on December 19, 1877, but declined the election; he accepted a repeated election in May, 1878. Consecrated first Bishop of Springfield, Illinois June 11, 1878. Married Harriet Atwood Aymar on July 23, 1889. He was the author of a significant number of pamphlets, articles, charges and tracts.

<sup>131</sup> A detailed record from Seymour's point of view of the controversies mentioned is the 84-page pamphlet entitled *A Defence of the Professor of Ecclesiastical History against the Assault of the Dean, and the Other Professors of the General Theological Seminary, New York*. New York: Styles and Cash, 1871. As Dean of the General Seminary, Seymour engaged in public controversy with representatives of the pre-Tractarian High Church school. See, *inter alia*: *The Issue of Fact between Bishop Coxe and Professor Seymour: Evidence under Oath*. New York: no publisher, 1874. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, *The Assault of the Bishop of Western New York upon the Dean of the General Theological Seminary and the Dean's Reply*. New York: Styles and Cash, 1875.

the death of my beloved and venerable mother. It was the anniversary of the day when I had heard of the news of the death of Bishop Armitage. I went at once to the East and was priest at the funeral. There had been no recovery of her mind before she died, but when death had come she looked as she had looked fifteen years ago. There were four generations present in the town for the funeral. The fourth, however, the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alsop, were too young to go to the funeral.

When I was a boy my grandparents kept the 62nd or 63rd anniversary of their wedding and had Mrs. Dana, their bridesmaid, dine with them. My mother was the bridesmaid of Mrs. Dana's daughter. Whether my sister was a bridesmaid to Mrs. Dana's granddaughter, I am not sure, but the family were great friends, and now Mrs. Dana's great grandson has married my grandmother's great granddaughter, and their children, the great great grandchildren of these old people were of the fourth generation.

Mr. Shaw was a delegate to the General Convention from Nebraska and visited the college again after the session was over. Bishop Welles was consecrated in St. Thomas' Church during the session and is now with the love and to the happiness of us all doing his work bravely and well. It was a terrible grief to us all that Dr. Seymour should be rejected, but I fear now that the Diocese of Illinois cannot re-elect him. The convention meets Feb. 3rd. I returned to the college in time for the Epiphany a week before the boys returned. The first convention of the Diocese of Fond du Lac was held that week. The night of the day when after my election by the clergy, the laity had not voted for me, and Dr. Coleman<sup>132</sup> was elected, was a very cold one, and by some mischance the clock in Taylor Hall was seized with an inordinate desire to strike and kept it up all night. Striking at one time 120 times or thereabouts. As there are three bells there were greater facilities than an ordinary clock possesses and it made the best use of them. The chimney too caught on fire and as the thermometer was down in the zero region (the next morning or the morning after it was 20 below) we had a disturbed night. I suppose the clock had heard of my rejection and was glad of it.

On Thursday, the 14th, the students returned. It was a doubtful day, as we have had the longest spell of cold weather I ever remember, and one young man was almost fainting with cold in a foolish endeavor to walk from the junction without due protection. It took a long time and strong stimulating process to get him right again.

Now we are in session, the daily communion which was begun in the Advent of 1873 is a blessing to us all, and the steady routine is kept as before. The day that I write the latter part of this is Jan. 30th, 1875.

March 20, 1875.

Life which runs like some gentle stream disturbed now and then by some rock to make a little dash and winds, deepening now and then into some pool and then pouring on again thru a green meadow, sometimes like the same stream suddenly dashes over a cliff, with a war and a whirl, and dashing spray. So with me—I made my last note on Jan. 30th. The convention of Illinois met on Feb 3rd. It was a terrible day and the wind blew a

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<sup>132</sup> Leighton Coleman (May 3, 1837-December 14, 1907). Rector of St. Mark's Church, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania 1866-April 1, 1874; Coleman declined election as first Bishop of Fond du Lac on January 7, 1875. Second Bishop of Delaware. Coleman was a moderate ritualist, and preached at the consecration of A.C.A. Hall—a Cowley Father from 1871-1894—as Bishop of Vermont on February 2, 1894. He was also a contributor to the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

tempest and the cold was intense as it had often been this dreary winter. I am so anxious about fire that I cannot sleep well at night, but this night I was determined to rest and so I shut my bedroom door to keep out of my ears the roar of the wind which was from the other quarter of the house. At half past four I was awakened by William Root, the man who came to take my boots, and then turned to go to sleep when shortly after came a roar and a shout. In a few moments William rushed to the door and said, though I was already up and partly dressed, the building is on fire and must go. It was at ten minutes of five, or thereabouts, that the fire was discovered and the wind was still blowing a hurricane and the thermometer is at 18 below zero.

I usually lose my presence of mind at lesser evils and I cannot say that I dressed myself in the dark as well as I ought, especially considering the cold, but I was able to do all that I needed to do. I was not terrified about the boys, the noise was so great that I felt sure they were all awakened as was the case. I went to the servants' rooms below stairs, all but to Mrs. Dana's, and then having saved my sermons which with the instinctive feeling of a clergyman I handed to one of the boys, I went to see what I could do. My great fear was about the buildings where the younger boys were. Providentially the wind was from the southwest and so only the north wing of Park Hall was in danger. But the boys were soon up, people were watching the roof, the steam came from the tower, and the fire in Taylor Hall was so furious and rapid that by half-past six or so all danger of its spreading to any other buildings was over. I think there never was better behavior on the part of any set of youths than on this occasion. There was so much unselfishness and thought for others and so much calmness generally and self-possession. The students mostly took refuge in the chapel where all that was saved was carried. My own rooms and Mr. Spalding's were the last to burn and so most of our effects were saved. I could only get some of the boys out of my room by going in there myself, ordering them out, telling them the roof might fall in, and when they did not mind me, saying that I would stay until they left and even after that William saved a great deal.

About one-third of my books were burned and many pictures of the boys, but I had so much left that it hardly seems like anything and the insurance covered it. Meanwhile, at the other end of the building, they were at work saving Mr. Spalding's effects. The college library, now worth about \$10,000, was entirely burned and the apparatus and what seemed the greatest grief of all, the clock and bells. It was odd enough that the fire probably proceeded from the chimney which had burned out the night of the Fond du Lac Council. There was an insurance of \$20,000 on the building, but only \$5,000 on the furniture, library, etc. I ought to mention that in the midst of the fire some of us said prayers in chapel when there was nothing else we could do.

We had breakfast at the usual hour and prayers afterward. Owing to a change of purpose, we had no organist present and there was no music, but when the service was over, one of the boys without a suggestion from me started the doxology, which was heartily sung in thanksgiving for our preservation.

There was only one boy hurt, he ran downstairs on the burning glass which fell from the skylight with his shoes in his hand. It was dear Edward Cleveland. He was laid up for a month, but is now well again. We sent the college students home for a fortnight and now they are all at work again, two only having left on account of the fire.

That same day, Feb. 4th, in the evening I was elected Bishop of Illinois.

April 19th.

Today I can give an account of it all for it has been a weary time. When great trouble comes, the excitement of the moment, the loving sympathy of friends and the necessity of immediate action, help one to bear up under it. It is afterwards when it has become a matter of course, when easily given sympathy is expended, and when the daily fret that follows a great trial, keeps on day after day and week by week, that we need patience and the strength of God to aid our weakness. First, we had to crowd everyone—from large rooms we went to small ones—then the help which we had in Taylor Hall to take proper care of the students were gone; then too, scattered as they were at the Professors' houses, it was harder to get at them and so there has been deterioration.

Quite a number of them the Saturday night before Palm Sunday went to a miserable CarCar which came to defile the town, and then too a dreadful wrong, which I cannot write about, but which it wrings my heart to think of, was done; though its worst features were prevented by a timely discovery. The insurance companies too have worried us and have not yet consented to pay the insurance of \$20,000 on the building. As we ought to rebuild before autumn, it is the more trying.

Meanwhile my papers before the standing committee as Bishop-Elect of Illinois was filling the papers, Church and secular, with editorials and comments. Letters of congratulation and sympathy were pouring in from all quarters. There was the aggravation about it all, that it had to go on for several weeks, the result becoming daily more manifest and hiding in my rejection.

Several things attributed to it.

1. A supposed doubt as to the legality of the election.
2. A feeling that it was proper to reject me, because there were arguments (correct ones, I think) used to show that the office of Standing Committees was one simply of hearing testimony, and it was proper for them to show by way of reply to such arguments that they had an abstract right to reject on any grounds.
3. Certain resolutions of the Diocese of Illinois which were, I supposed (quite unjustly), to censure the General Convention.
4. As Dr. Jaggar's<sup>133</sup> name was also before the Committees, a feeling on the part of some high and dry dioceses that to reject both J. and myself was somehow to retain the *via media*.
5. A sort of feeling that orthodoxy in doctrine consists in a dull avoidance of any opinions or expression of them (in controverted subjects).
6. A general fear of ritualism.
7. An idea that my consecration might increase the Cummins schism.
8. And chiefly misrepresentation of my doctrinal views due to the very wrong statements of Dr. Thompson in the *Church Journal* and of others.
9. Rejection of the truth itself.

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<sup>133</sup> Thomas Augustus Jaggar (June 2, 1839-December 13, 1912). Born in New York City. Jaggar entered the General Seminary in 1859, and was ordained to the Diaconate on November 10, 1860 (H. Potter), in which capacity he was Assistant Minister at St. George's, Flushing, Long Island. He was deacon-in-charge at Trinity Church, Bergen Point, New Jersey, where he was ordained to the priesthood on June 3, 1863. He was successively rector of Anthon Memorial Church, New York (1864-1868), Saint John's, Yonkers, New York (1868-1870), and Holy Trinity, Philadelphia (1870-1875). He was consecrated first Bishop of Southern Ohio on April 28, 1875. A collection of his sermons was published as *The Man of the Ages* (New York, 1898). He founded St. John's Riverside Hospital in Yonkers, which is still active today.

Many serious questions have been unsolved; first, the whole position and duty of standing committees about which there is much ignorance, the popular notion being that any member of a standing committee, clerical or lay, could vote according to his own judgment as though it were an election.

Second, the question as to what constitutes “error in doctrine,” the popular idea which seems very absurd to write, being that not to agree with a Pastoral of the House of Bishops, especially that of 1871, involved “error in religion.”

Third, utter ignorance on some plain matters of doctrine, as first, how far confession in private is permitted and enjoined in our Church; and second, the question of the Real Presence and how far adoration can be given rightly to our Lord thus Present.

Out of it all will come by and by a fuller knowledge of the truth and for myself, personally, I am thankful I trust in God’s will.

The letters and pamphlets and articles have been very numerous and, of course, have added to the cares of this term of trial, and in addition we had three cases of scarlet fever running over about the same period. They were very light and it did not spread but we could not but feel anxious. There were some funny things that happened at which we might as well laugh as be annoyed. I had several anonymous letters, one of which was as follows:

De Koven’s Desire.  
Volo Episcopari

I want to be a Bishop  
And with the Bishop’s stand  
A mitre on my forehead  
And a crosier in my hand.

P.S. No such ritualist as you can ever be a Bishop.

It was mortifying to be classed with Dr. Jaggar, who, though a very worthy man, I have no doubt, and who certainly in my judgment ought to be confirmed, yet it seemed to me as if the loyalty I had always shown rendered me undeserving of being ranked with one whose sole public act had been to express sympathy with Mr. Cheney.<sup>134</sup> If, however, this was mystifying, it was doubly so to have Dr. Jaggar confirmed and myself rejected. The newspapers had this paragraph which went the rounds: De Koven, Is this a Jaggar which I see before me?<sup>135</sup> We are receiving money for the restoration of our losses. People in Racine have given more than \$4,000 and perhaps as much more is promised, or given from all quarters. It has been and is a time of financial depression, but it seems as if there might have been more readiness to help elsewhere. In Racine they have done as well as one could possibly expect. But there is so much to be thankful for, that I bless God for it and am sorry that I have, as I do sometimes, some thoughts of depression as if many serious troubles had come upon us all at once. The victory will come by and by, if God will it—or what is quite as likely, the blessing will come from the sorrow and the defeat for such is the lesson of the Cross of our Lord.

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<sup>135</sup> Macbeth 2.1.3: “Is this a dagger which I see before me?”

Easter came and went, and though bright with flowers and music, yet an Easter of care and the time verges on toward the Feast of the Ascension. Mr. Piper has been elected Rector of St. Luke's Church. The Taylor Orphan Asylum has been placed under our care and we now have four churches, the Collegiate Church and the chapel of the asylum in that whole city under our spiritual care.

On a visit to Knoxville, which I made this year, the week after Easter, I met a young girl, one of the pupils from Salt Lake City. I asked her about a boy who left the college some eight or nine years ago, and whom I had not seen since, and only heard of as at Salt Lake City. To my surprise, she knew all about him; he had been in his father's office (a government office) had married, and in one year after having returned to Illinois took the yellow fever at Cairo and died. I had but one question to ask, and I asked it trembling. He had been confirmed and indeed baptized at the college, coming, I fancy, from a very irreligious family. She said he had been at one time "fast," but had received the communion with his wife the Easter before he died. James Clifford Arich.

I find he was not baptized here, but in looking at the register, that he was confirmed March 23, 1866, nine years ago. May he rest in peace!

June 20th.

The leaves are not yet in full leaf on the oak trees of the college. Very late in consequence of the cold and backward spring. We lost \$23,500 of our insurance money by a process euphemistically styled as arbitration, but were glad to have it all settled and begin Taylor Hall again and to start also a new gymnasium and laboratory. We began to build sometime in May and signed the contract for the other building early in June. Both are to be done by Sept. 1st. I went twice to Chicago to beg money, but found it very hard to raise it. Mr. Spalding went to Milwaukee. Still we have received and subscribed or promised between \$13 and \$14,000, but we need at least \$5,000 more.

A few weeks since Atherton Small<sup>136</sup> was taken ill. He had been poorly for some time, but still was about and active, and he was thought by friends and doctors to have no serious trouble. He was taken sick on Saturday, sent home, thought not thought to be very ill, on Monday, and died on Wednesday.

I attended his funeral May 25th, he died the 19th.

A young man, formerly a scholar here, a brother of one of our present teachers, came here on Easter Day, or the Day before, and stayed for several weeks. He seemed to have the consumption and went to Nashotah finally to avoid our lake air. He returned last week, and was taken to our little hospital by his sister, and died there on last Thursday. He was buried on Friday, the 18th, with a very quiet and beautiful service. I mention it, as he found great comfort and happiness in making his confession and seemed to have peace from it.

The boys found out Mr. Spalding's birthday, which is the 18th of June, after some fifteen years, spent and pleading an old promise, claimed a holiday, which we gave.

I go D.V. to New York tomorrow to attend the Trustee meeting of the General Theological Seminary. The council of the diocese has met and gone without harm. Mr. Shipman of Louisville has been elected Bishop of Fond du Lac.<sup>137</sup>

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<sup>137</sup> Jacob Shaw Shipman (November 30, 1831-February 24, 1905). Born at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Yale. Deacon September 23, 1857 (DeLancey); Priest 1858. St. John's, Whitesboro, and St. Peter's, Oriskany,

I feel wearied with the cares and troubles of the year, which has been the most full of care of any in my life, and yet with so much to be thankful for. Good night. I write with the moon diving over the lake and a soft murmur of the waves.

The boys have been beaten in baseball, by the Chicago University, and have lost the silver ball. We have many defeats this year, but the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, but God gives the victory and whether it be defeat or victory, it is well, if it be His will, and we do our part bravely.

July 29th.

There was at least one victory, though not here. I went to New York to attend the meeting of the trustees of the General Theological Seminary, and gave my vote for Dr. Seymour as permanent dean. Several others went from the West, besides myself, and out of ninety-three trustees who were present and voted, seventy-seven voted for him. As it was the first meeting after the General Convention, and Bishop Coxe's accusation, it was a very remarkable vindication.

I spent the Sunday with Bishop Doane<sup>138</sup> in Albany, and late at night went to the station to take the train, and found among the passengers an old boy. Edward Larrabee also met me by appointment and the next morning at Syracuse, I met Tilden so I had three companions. On my return, I was plunged in the duties of commencement week.

My dear old friend, Stevens Parker, of Elizabeth,<sup>139</sup> preached the Baccalaureate sermon, in spite of the burning of the building, we had a large and enthusiastic attendance at all our exercises. The commencement was thought to be one of the most charming we ever had. The weather was delightful. There was a horror, however, which cast a gloom over the early part in the suicide of a youth out here named Buir Kneeland, who having fallen into vicious courses drowned himself. His body was found in the river in Milwaukee on the Baccalaureate Sunday and I heard of it the next day.

Sept. 5th

The vacation has been passed chiefly here, being full of care. The buildings, the renewed Taylor Hall, and a new laboratory and gymnasium which is a very beautiful building—the looking after these so far as I did, has been very pleasant. I have been remodeling the statutes which I found to be very necessary, and now am writing a letter to the Illinois convention, withdrawing my acceptance of the election, as this seems the

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New York. Christ Church, Mobile, Alabama 1859-1862; Christ Church, Lexington, Kentucky 1862-1877; Christ Church, New York 1877-1901, rector emeritus 1901-1905. He declined his election as Bishop of Fond du Lac.

<sup>138</sup> William Crosswell Doane (March 2, 1832-May 17, 1913) son of George Washington Doane, second Bishop of New Jersey, Burlington College, Deacon, March 6, 1853, Priest, March 16, 1856 (Doane), asst. St. Mary's, Burlington, NJ, 1853-1856; founding rector, St. Barnabas', Burlington, NJ, 1856-1860; rector, St. Mary's, Burlington, NJ (1860-1863), rector, St. John's, Hartford, CT, (1863-1867); rector, St. Peter's, Albany (1867-1869), first Bishop of Albany (1869-1913), founder of an order of nuns, schools, a hospital, orphanages, and a cathedral; author of the hymn, "Ancient of Days who sittest throned in glory" on the occasion of the bicentenary of the city of Albany.

<sup>139</sup> Stevens Parker (J). Deacon July 2, 1854 (Wainwright); Priest December 17, 1854 (H. Potter). Assistant Minister at Trinity Parish, Wilmington, Delaware (July 21, 1856-January 4, 1859); Rector St. John's Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



only way to do to preserve the rights of the diocese.<sup>140</sup> There seems to be a prospect of fewer boys than usual in both colleges and grammar school for the coming year, but I hope I may be mistaken. The past has been the saddest and most difficult year of my life, full of sorrow and care, but God's will is, I hope, my will in such matters.

The difficulties before us are that we ought to have the most earnest work in teaching by young and vigorous men, when the great institutions like Harvard and Yale present such attractions to the class of youth we alone can reach. The poorer youth go to the state colleges and the richer, who might come to us, prefer the older colleges. The difficulty might be remedied were our professors men of great power. Three are not, and what I do, I cannot tell. The grammar school prospers, but there are other difficulties in a tendency for each one to look out for himself. No doubt this has partly resulted from all the difficulties of the past year, and partly come from difficulties inherent in our condition.

My sister is coming out to keep my rooms for me instead of a matron as heretofore. This is a comfort, I trust.

November 25, 1875.

Today is Thanksgiving Day. The cold weather at least the very cold weather, has not come, and it is a bright, pleasant day so that the boys are playing football on the campus. The term opened as I feared with fewer boys. The day that it opened was the day of the meeting of the Illinois Convention, when my letter was presented. The two things going on together made it harder to manage the duties of the opening day, the more so that as Mr. Mead, the Head of Kemper Hall, was ill and absent, and the second of the house away with a sick wife, the duties of these officers fell upon me. The loss of students was due to several causes.

1. The hard times, which, no doubt, was the chief reason.
2. The possibility of my own leaving the college, which had some little effect.
3. In an [illegible] way the lay theological was.
4. The competition which an endowed school and college especially the latter have to face. We must charge high prices and the State Colleges call the poorer classes and those of moderate means and the Denominational Colleges which have a sufficient endowment to enable them to take students cheap, and the great institutions like Yale and Harvard have attractions for the richer people.
5. We haven't as good a body of professors as we ought, and not all the appliances. They are indeed now that the gymnasium and laboratory are finished better than ever before, but the people do not know of this.
6. The effect of the fire in a certain general demoralization in students and professors.

Still we have opened with the greatest vigor, everyone working at their utmost and since the opening, the number have increased somewhat, and probably will grow more after Christmas.

Jan. 12, 1876.

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<sup>140</sup> Letter from the Rev. James DeKoven, D.D., Warden of Racine College, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Illinois, in Convention Assembled, September 14, 15, 16, 17 A.D. 1875. Together with the Action of the Convention of the Diocese of Illinois Thereon. Chicago: Mitchell and Hatheway, 1875.

We now have been comfortably fixed in Taylor Hall since the latter part of September and except great distress from sewers badly constructed have been quite comfortable. The sewers, however, reserved the crises of bad smells and gases until the students had left. We have been able to fix them during their absence. The weather has been the very opposite of what it was a year ago and has been favorable for the accomplishment of this work.

On or about the 8th of December—I think that was the date—Bishop McLaren was consecrated Bishop of Illinois in the Cathedral.<sup>141</sup> It was my duty to read the consent of the Bishops. He is a good churchman and a good man, and will make, I am sure, an earnest bishop. The next day, six Bishops—Minnesota, Indiana, Nebraska, Western Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois—came to the college to consider the desirability of making the college a provincial college, the Bishops becoming trustees. They came at my invitation, and with the consent and invitation also of Bishop Welles, and seemed very much pleased with the college and with the plan. There is to be another meeting Feb. 9th for further action. My dear friend, J. H. Brown of Cohoes, was consecrated Dec. 15th (I think) as Bishop of Fond du Lac. He too is a devout churchman.

The issue of the controversies in which I have taken a part has certainly been, however, painful to myself, to the advance in every way of sound churchmanship.

Tomorrow will be the funeral of my friend, the Rev. E. C. Porter,<sup>142</sup> for some time rector of St. Luke's, Racine. He was a kind-hearted, cultivated, generous man, inclined to broad churchmanship, I think. His was rather a reaction from Calvinism and under other circumstances he would have been of a more devout school.

It was odd that in his sickness he should have received a letter of sympathy from a clergyman in Massachusetts, who stated to him that he (Mr. Porter) had become known to him by his resistance to the errors of myself. Mr. Porter wrote back that I was his friend and was visiting him in his illness. I administered the holy communion to him the Sunday before he died.

Requiescat in Pace.

The boys are not expected to return till the 19th. So far the troubles of the college have turned out alright, but it looks dark ahead. But God Who has led us hither will lead us on. My sisters have been here this winter, and for the first time I have had something which seemed like a home. I ought to mention that on the evening of Sept. 30th, Taylor Hall was opened by the Bishop with a service of Benediction.

April 2, Passion Sunday, 1876.

I think I will give in the next leaf what the Bishops have done. At a trustee meeting held this week, the Bishops of Missouri and Western Michigan, Colorado and Michigan will be added to the five Bishops already members of the Board, making nine in all. But it has been a sad year. The numbers have fallen off still more this spring and except for careful financial management, we should be seriously embarrassed. I am trying

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<sup>141</sup> DeKoven's recollection of the date is correct. See *The Church, a Brotherhood*. A Sermon preached in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, Chicago, by Bishop Welles. At the Consecration of the Right Reverend William E. McLaren, Bishop of Illinois. December 8, 1875. Chicago: Culver, Page, Hoyne and Co., 1876.

<sup>142</sup> Edward Clarke Porter (December 3, 1836- January 18, 1876). Born Hadley, Massachusetts. Yale Class of 1858. Deacon 1866 (Nebraska); Priest September 23, 1866 (Iowa). Rector of St. Luke's Church, Racine (1867-February 1, 1875). Married to Julia Foster on October 10, 1866.

to reconstruct in many ways, and [illegible] changes. For example, Professor Wheeler has been here one year longer than I. An earnest, faithful, good man, he is not as good a professor of math as we need to meet what is expected of us. I wish to make him emeritus professor with a salary of \$1,200, but this he does not like and thinks unjust and there are other similar difficulties. Altogether the college work has been full of care and sorrow. The work, however, is good and the standard of scholarship has been greatly raised both in the grammar school and college.

My home is very comfortable with my kind sisters and I am able to be very hospitable to the boys and kind to them.

May 7, 1876.

Easter has gone and on the whole was a happy one. The morning communion, when nearly everyone receives, was peculiarly happy and beautiful. I was too tired to preach myself and so Mr. Converse kindly preached for me. Yet I had done less preaching than usual in Lent and Holy Week. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Hinsdale were very indignant at the action of the board of trustees, which, however, was purely negative, only not making them university professors, but leaving them as they were. The professorship of Mr. Hinsdale was divided also and this was a difficulty in his case. The Rev. C. W. Spalding very foolishly and unjustly considered himself aggrieved also, and Mr. Edward Spalding was to leave at the end of the year—it is a great trouble. Still things are more peaceful now and patience will have in this as in all things her perfect work. I suppose I forgot to write about the subwarden. He has been rarely mentioned in these pages, but he came here in the fall of 1860 and has thus been here nearly sixteen years. He came as a mere youth, not having taken his degree at college, and studied the first year he was here, and passed his examinations and graduated at Hobart College in the summer of 1861. A man of vigor, power and energy, he is a good executive officer, with great authority, and power of command—this marred by selfishness and a determination to have his own way. A foolish marriage rendered the case more difficult, and so at last it seemed best for him, and for me, that he should go and work elsewhere. He has gone to San Francisco, and has opened a school there, at least so I understand, not having yet heard the exact details of his work there.

Sept. 3rd.

It is the last Sunday of the vacation. The college has been reorganized and Mr. Edward Spalding and his brother and Prof. Hinsdale have gone. Dr. Falk has been made an emeritus professor. Mr. Wheeler retains his professorship, but Dr. Elmendorf<sup>143</sup> and Mr. Converse and Luther have been made university professors with somewhat larger salaries. The amount of money paid for salaries in college and grammar school this year has been reduced \$5,000 as the circumstances required, and if we have any additional students, we shall do pretty well. There is a fair prospect, though I cannot tell positively, till after the 6th of March.

Wednesday, when the term is to open.

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<sup>143</sup> John Jay Elmendorf (1827-February 2, 1896). Deacon February 28, 1850 (New Hampshire for New York); Priest . General Seminary. Rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York (1854- [still in 1865]); professor of Philosophy and English Literature at Racine (1868-).

What a term it has been following the fire, the reduction in students, and consequent lessening of revenue. The attempt to make the teaching what it ought to be, which has really been the sacrifice of private friendship to the interests of Christian education—all these have been full of great trial. I believe that I have done everything I could for Mr. Wheeler and the others. I have given time, thought and care to dare and help them, and a salary of \$1200 a year with lessened work for an unendowed college is surely a liberal provision, but there has been much trouble. It will come right by and by. It is a weary thing, too weary for me, constituted as I am to watch the mail day after day, knowing that everything under God depends upon a sufficient number of scholars, to pay our large expenses with hard times against us, with some prejudice and with the great and rich colleges calling those whom we would love to educate, elsewhere.

The Church ought to educate. It is a work of all others most full of her Spirit to try to build up a university for her children, but it is weary enough except that God can and will give the increase, if it is His will.

I went away for four weeks this vacation and attended the centennial. I stayed a while with my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, at Elizabeth. Others will write about the exposition.<sup>144</sup> I will only mention one thing, which, no doubt, they will have noticed. Mrs. Parker begged me to look for a foundation with a cross in the main building, which seemed like a true mark of Christianity in the midst of this display of material resources. I did so, and was pleased with the granite cross with flowers carved upon it, and the inscription “Ho everyone that thirsteth”<sup>145</sup> but all the beauty was taken away at the notice carefully fixed on the cross with legend—“Visitors are requested not to spit in this fountain.” A new laboratory and gymnasium were part of our restoration after the fire, and are a great addition to our buildings. One day I had gone to the laboratory when a visitor called and the old servant, Mrs. Dunn, replied to the inquiry as to where I was by saying, “I had gone to the purgatory.” I do not hear as many amusing things as I did—my ear is less open to them, and I forget them sooner. No doubt the consequence of greater cares and the freshness of youth passing away. The grounds are looking beautiful, but the day is slightly autumnal. Mr. Piper has been in England all the vacation, but has returned to this country, and will, I suppose, be back on Tuesday.

Indeed, many will come before Wednesday, though the boys, old and new, generally arrive on that day.

We are going to have a somewhat better freshman class this year, I am thankful to say. Mr. and Mrs. Luther go to house-keeping in an apartment in Park Hall. Mr. Converse has Mr. Spalding’s rooms in Taylor Hall. The new St. Luke’s Hospital was begun on Monday, August 27th. We have gotten about \$5,000 for it, and Mr. Porter gave the land.

Old Mrs. Christie is dead. She died more than a year ago, I think. I saw her daughter, who told me of it. I have been busy preparing for my lectures on the evidence, and for a paper to be read before the Church Congress in Boston in November on “relation of the Protestant Church to Freedom in Religious Thought.”<sup>146</sup> The authorities

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<sup>144</sup> The 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

<sup>145</sup> Isaiah 55:1

<sup>146</sup> *Authorized Report of the Third Church Congress in the United States*, held at Boston. November 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1876. Edited by the General Secretary [George D. Wildes]. New York: T. Whittaker, 1876. DeKoven’s speech is entitled “The Relation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to Freedom of Religious Thought,” found on pp 84-95.

of Kenyon College have devised a university scheme too. Bishop Bedell in his letters was careful to show that it had been thought of before the Racine scheme.<sup>147</sup> Except that the scheme proposes to take two of our Bishops, and lacks somewhat in clearness, it seems a good one, and it ought to prosper.

I have been reading over a part of this story written so many years ago, and as I read, I see how things are altered, how time and thought and experience develop things. Yet the main principle has remained the same, however, one has learned that this or that was impracticable or unwise. It occurs to me to mention the names of all that are here now and the length of time they have been at the college. The warden, 17 years; Prof. Wheeler, 18 years; Mr. Hall, nearly 11 years; Mr. Newe as teacher about nine, and as a student before. Mr. Piper about six years, and very long as a student before, having gone to Nashotah to study for orders. Dr. Elmendorf nearly 9 years; Mr. Converse, about 5 years; Mr. Luther, 4 years; Mr. McMurphy, 3 years; Mr. Smith, 1 year. Mr. Martin, 2 years as a teacher. Mr. McDowell, 3 years as a teacher. Mr. Franklin, 9 or 10 years. Miss Rosedale and Mrs. Tisdale, about 8 years. Mrs. Howden, 2 years, Mrs. Barrows, not quite 1, Mrs. Douglas about 2 years.

Sept. 14th.

The term began with a storm—a cruel, hard storm which lasted with one or two gleams of sunshine from the 5th of Sept. to the 14th. Mr. Amos too was taken ill on the Monday before the term opened, and continued so for a week. This greatly heightened the care and trouble of opening, but we did very well. The sons of four of my old classmates are here, Parker, Hodges, Richey and Lance.<sup>148</sup> It seemed quite like a fairy story on the opening day to hear that Mr. Hinsdale had been elected President of Hobart College. They are pretty pleased at it, of course, and while he has no qualifications for the office, and I never could have recommended him—yet I am glad that he has a good place. He doubtless has been appointed through Bishop Coxe, and Dr. Thompson's influence. Rollin Larrabee, the younger brother of Edward, is among the boys this fall. We have not a large number, but it is a good set. Still, I feel very anxious on account of the number, about money matters.

June 11, 1877.

A younger brother of W. Merriam came also this autumn. I had four sons of my old seminary classmates in the college and grammar school—Parker, Lance, Richey and Sebastian Hodges<sup>149</sup>—the son of the Dr. Hodges mentioned in the earlier part of this history, my old and dear friend now the rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, where he

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<sup>147</sup> Gregory Thurston Bedell

<sup>148</sup> Lucien C. Lance (1833-). Charleston College. GTS 1854. Lance was one of only two members of DeKoven's seminary class who came from a state which would later join the Confederacy.

<sup>149</sup> John Sebastian Bach Hodges (1830- May 1, 1915). Columbia B.A. 1850, M.A. 1853; General Seminary 1854; Racine S.T.D. 1867. Deacon July 2, 1854 (Wainwright) Priest July 1, 1855 (H. Potter for Pennsylvania). Assistant priest at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 1854-56; Instructor at Nashotah 1856-1859; Assistant Rector at St. John Chrysostom, Delafield 1854-1859; Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Chicago 1859-1860; Grace Church, Newark, New Jersey (November 12, 1860-1870); Rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland (1870-)

succeeded Dr. Mahan.<sup>150</sup> These four boys all stood head of their classes for the term ending Dec. 20th. Parker of the Sophomore class, Richey of the Freshman, Lance of the 5th term, Hodges of the 4th. It was very pleasant that it should be so. The boys left Dec. 21st, St. Thomas Day, for the holidays and there were only three remaining, and these three college students, except Fred Bartlett. He, poor fellow, was sick with pneumonia. He is a charming boy, very handsome, only 15 and yet 6'2". He is an only son, and has had every kind of care and indulgence and yet no one seemed happier or more contented, or more willing to make light of any hardship. He was always at the early communion on Sunday, and was a model of all that a youth should be. They took him home to Freeport on Friday last, Jan. 5th, and he stood the journey well. As yet, however, I have not heard of his recovery. May God bring him back safely again. I spent three weeks at the East and attended the Church Congress where I read and spoke. I also visited New York and stayed two days or so, including a Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Dix<sup>151</sup> at Trinity Rectory.

I have been a few days in Chicago in the convention, and heard Edward Larrabee, also mentioned in these pages, at whose ordination in July last I preached the sermon, preached for the first time in St. James' Church. He preached well and earnestly, clearly, distinctly, and in a thoughtful and very definite way. He is in charge of the church at Quincy. Tonight there is a dreadful winter storm. The north wind all day has driven and blown the snow about and I am glad the boys are not here to make me afraid of fire for so wild a night. My sisters are in Chicago and I sit alone and write. It has been a hard time now for several years, and now the presidential difficulty still unsettled, the way looks quite dark, but it will be, no doubt, like these cold north winds and driving snow only to make a better springtime, a happier summer and a richer harvest.

July 29, 1877.

Now it is summer, the flowers in blossom the grass is green, the leaves are thick, the birds have come in greater numbers since the boys have gone, and blackbirds and robins walk on the grass, or fly from tree to tree. The year has been a better one with less care than the previous one. People have become accustomed to the changes and they have worked well and proved, I think, that they were what ought to have been made. The times have been very bad, and an income necessarily smaller.

The presidential difficulty has been settled by Mr. Hayes becoming President, and there is every prospect of a wonderful harvest. Last week while we prayed the collect, "O God, whose never failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and Earth,"<sup>152</sup> were the labor riots. My sisters were in Chicago, but returned on Friday by boat and are here now with my nephew and his family.

There were no very stirring events, the year passed quietly, but the commencement was a very happy one.

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<sup>150</sup> Milo Mahan (May 24, 1819-September 11, 1870). Rector of Grace Church, Jersey City, New Jersey (); St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia (-); St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland (-). Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the General Theological Seminary (1851-). Or September 3 death?

<sup>151</sup> Morgan Dix (November 1, 1827-April 29, 1908). Columbia A.B. 1848, A.M. and S.T.D. 1862. General Seminary 1852. Deacon September 19, 1852 (Philander Chase); Priest 1853 (Potter). Assistant priest at St. Mark's, Philadelphia 1853-1855; Assistant at Trinity Church, New York 1859-1862; Rector 1862-1908. Married to Emily Woolsey Soutter June 3, 1874.

<sup>152</sup> Collect for the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, Book of Common Prayer.

The college was founded in 1852, and this was our 25th anniversary, our Silver Wedding as a Church paper called it. There were five Bishops, including the venerable Bishop of Michigan, who made his first visit to the college and greatly added to the happiness of the occasion. On Reunion Day I preached a discourse on “25 years of Racine College.”<sup>153</sup> There was a good attendance of old boys, but not quite as many as I hoped there would be. There were many pleasant events and the commencement was an unusually brilliant one. Mr. Mead is to leave us this year and Mr. Martin, also Mr. McMurphy.<sup>154</sup>

Dec. 11, 1877.

The summer was passed quietly here, except for a few days at a time elsewhere, as at Geneva Lake. We were very anxious for the opening and the hoped-for increase in numbers did not come, in spite of the good harvest. We only held our own and indeed not quite that. The Rev. Mr. Gold<sup>155</sup> and the Rev. Mr. Davenport<sup>156</sup> and Mr. F. Martin took the places of the three who left us. The term opened Sept. 5th and the weather all thru the month was delightful.

We had a very curious incident. A new boy, son of a most respectable man, came here from a distance, and seemed like a nice youth, and he had been to school in England and was very well-looking and apparently well-behaved. One Saturday as I was going to a hospital meeting, I was informed that a closet full of valuable articles just in the midst of Kemper Hall had been found on fire and only extinguished after some loss. There were new articles in it so that between \$200 and \$300 worth of things were burned. The following Tuesday or Wednesday, Mr. Smith, now the head of Kemper Hall, brought me a letter from the boy mentioned above to his mother, which the boy himself had brought to Mr. Smith, saying he ought to see it before he sent it to his mother. It told a story of how three boys, whether of the school or not, the new boy could not say, but he thought they were, had taken him for a walk and had compelled him to say after throwing him down, the most blasphemous and obscene things. The story represented the school, of course, as a most insecure place for the morals of a virtuous lad, with the probability that the boys were wretches. I examined the boy and his story, and he told a straight enough story, nor did it—any of it—admit of verification, except that he had mentioned the dreadful incident to another boy immediately after it occurred. Without going into all the

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<sup>153</sup> Number 29 in *Sermons*, “Preached at Racine College, Reunion Day, June 26, 1877.”

<sup>154</sup> Jesse Gibson McMurphy (April 8, 1845–November 19, 1938). Dartmouth B.S. 1868, M.A. 1875; Nashotah B.D. 1873. Deacon June 8, 1873 (Armitage); Priest May 31, 1874 (Whitehouse for Wisconsin). Rector of St. Peter’s, Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin 1873–1874; Tutor at Racine College, 1874–1877; Chaplain of St. Paul’s School for Boys, Baltimore, Maryland, 1877–1878; Rector of Immanuel, Racine and Holy Innocents, 1878–1881; Assistant at St. John’s, San Francisco 1881–1884; Trinity School, San Francisco, California 1883–1884; Chaplain at the Home School, Racine, 1884–1894; Assistant at Transfiguration, Derry, New Hampshire 1899–1919; Priest-in-Charge 1919–1923. He married Mary Lucy James on April 23, 1870. He was the translator of a volume of German and French poetry (*Rotation in Motion*, 1879) and several volumes of local New Hampshire history.

<sup>155</sup> J.W. Gold (). Diocese of Minnesota. [William Jason Gold? The Church Eclectic Letter on “The Holy Eucharist and ‘Three (or Two at the Least)’” May, 1886, 165–169.]

<sup>156</sup> Jerome Alstyne Davenport (1816–1886). Born in New York City. Bayfield, Wisconsin. Listed in the Convention Journal of the Diocese of Wisconsin (1876) as having “joint duty for this Diocese and Fond du Lac, on the line of the Wisconsin Central, north of Stevens Point. Rector of the Church of the Intercession, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, . Married Julia Anna Denniston in 1852.

details suffice it to say that this one clue to the truth or the falsehood of the story, served as a sufficient guide to convict the boy of utter falsehood, the whole story having been made up with a view to convince his parents of the dreadful character of the school that they might remove him. Fortunately his father was still in Chicago. He was summoned by telegraph and the boy, after acknowledging his wrong—father, myself and Mr. Smith all doing our best for the lad—was forgiven and put back again at his work. Meanwhile every exertion has been made, as was our duty, to find out the cause of the fire, no flue was near it, nor had there been any fire near it. As far as we could judge, it must have resulted from something having been put there which spontaneously combusted (like rags with oil in them though there was no proof of it) or else it had been set on fire. The suspicion crossed my mind that it might have been the boy in question, but I dismissed it as injurious and wrong. I went to the General Convention and returned.<sup>157</sup> On my return, I found that there was a rumor in the school, leaking out by means of a parent that this youth was the incendiary. I immediately made all due inquiries and found that the boy had told the other boys that he meant to set it on fire and after it took place that he had done it, and on being charged with the offence he at once acknowledged it. Of course, I could not keep so dangerous a scholar, and I sent him home and his father paid the insurance. It was very strange that the boys did not tell of it, on the plea of school boy horror [**honor?**], but still more strange that parents who knew of it did not inform me directly when the lives of their own children were risked by it. I left Oct. 1st for Boston for the General Convention and returned Nov. 3rd. October was a very rainy month in Racine. The convention was peaceful and pleasant, if somewhat uneventful and I greatly enjoyed the change and pleasant associations and the kind hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Jay of 89 Marlborough Street with whom I stayed. I passed a Sunday pleasantly in Concord at St. Paul's School. I preached twice to the noble set of boys there, and saw as much as I could of the workings of the school. It was a lesson to me and in many ways, showing me where I had failed and also where I had succeeded. After the Convention, I went to New York to stay a few days, going over to Elizabeth as usual, and dining with Dr. and Mrs. Dix. On my return to the college, I found a boy ill with the scarlet fever, and another, who had it or diphtheria, and had gone home. I also had to help find new people for the hospital, Mr. Lance at Kenosha was very ill. The whole question as to Dr. Everhart<sup>158</sup> had to be settled with the other trustees. Mr. Piper's sister was taken ill and made a care for him and secondarily for me, and we had constant sickness among the boys. A kind of influenza prevailed and several were very ill. In December Dr. Harris was elected Bishop of Quincy,<sup>159</sup> and Dr. Seymour of Springfield.

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<sup>157</sup> DeKoven was particularly active in this convention. See *Proceedings of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Held in Boston, October A.D. 1877, with the Debates in the House of Deputies as Reported for The Daily Churchman*. New York: Mallory, 1877, pp. 34, 35, 68, 77, 91, 111, 115, 136, 154, 156, 182, 183, 207, 214, 222, 223, 225, 229, 230, 238, 251, 261, 285, 292, 304, 305, 316, 320, 322, 323, 336, 337, 338, 341, 365, 369, 391, 395, 401, 403, 411, 412, 415, 418, 419, 430, 431, 438, 440, 441, 442, 445, 446. A representative example: "If for the next ninety years this Church of ours should increase as it has increased during the last ninety years, instead of having forty-five Bishops, she would then have 1,200 Bishops; instead of having a body of about 3,500 Clergymen, she would have 42,500 Clergymen," p. 223.

<sup>158</sup> George M. Everhart ()

<sup>159</sup> Samuel Smith Harris (September 14, 1841- August 21, 1888). A graduate of the University of Alabama (1859), Harris was admitted to the bar at 19 by a special act of legislature. He entered the Confederate Army and served on the staff of General Braxton Bragg. He worked as a lawyer until returning to Alabama



Sunday, July 7, 1878.

This year has ended, a very eventful one and full of many cares and incidents. I leave tomorrow (D.V.) for the East for a brief vacation, and so write what I can beginning where I left off. We have had a year both successful and unsuccessful. Our income was several thousand dollars less than the previous year, but our numbers closed with 133, as against 132 of the year before, and 135 of the year before that. The hard times seem to have been the main cause of the lack of increase in numbers, though as prices have gone down even with a reduced income, we have done better financially than any year since 1875-1876, the year of the fire. In other respects it has been a good year, a better time, more loyalty, greater contentment, better behavior, all this seems to grow and I connect it with a different tone of discipline from what prevailed in Mr. Spalding's day. The houses are more developed and I think that there is more individual care and less mechanical discipline. Today is a quiet and beautiful Sunday, hot, no doubt, elsewhere, but cool here as it generally is. Malcolm McDowell, E.H. Cleveland,<sup>160</sup> who has just graduated with all honors and goes to the seminary this fall, Gerald, and one or two others are still there. There has been early communion and morning prayer and litany. The birds sing and the roses are in blossom. The place never looked fairer.

To review the year a little. There was much sickness before the holidays, and more than usual care, and I was myself ill in the holidays with a bad sore throat. It was necessary, too, to make arrangements so that we might not fall behind for the next college year as we have now done for three years. A meeting of the trustees was called and a new schedule of salaries made. This results in Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler's leaving, as after 20 years of service to the college. He left more or less feeling that I was to blame, though the reduction of salary was necessary, and it was better for many reasons, for he was dissatisfied, that he should go. Mr. E.B. Spalding holds no communication with me or the college. Such breaks in friendship are sad, most sad if one has any reason to feel that one is to blame, but I have labored for the good of the college, and it alone and I hope that God's blessing will be upon it and me. Even in such painful duties. It is so arranged now that with the work as well done, and better, we are to pay next year \$4,000 less salaries, and this, should our numbers not increase, can yet pay our expenses. An unendowed college in hard times has to be exactly just and demand a full return for all that it pays out. I had great anxiety for a while this year as to what might be my duty. I was called, not knowing anything about it, until the call came to be a senior assistant at Trinity, N.Y. It was done in the most flattering way, and an opportunity of great usefulness, and a

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in 1867, when he offered himself for ordination to the priesthood. He was ordained deacon on February 10, 1869 and priest on June 30, 1869. He served as rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans (-1875), St. James, Chicago (1875-1879). He declined his unanimous election on the first ballot as first Bishop of Quincy, which DeKoven mentions here, and was subsequently elected second Bishop of Michigan. He founded *The Living Church* weekly with John Fulton in 1878. He died in London while attending the third Lambeth Conference. He was the author of *The Relation of Christianity to Civil Society* (1882), *The Dignity of Man* (Chicago, 1889), and a novel, *Sheltern* (New York, 1868).

<sup>160</sup> Edward Horace Cleveland (September 28, 1855-). Racine College B.A. 1878, M.A. 1881; General Seminary, 1881. Deacon 1881 (McLaren); Priest 1881 (A.N. Littlejohn). Rector of Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, New York; Assistant at St. Mark's Church, Orange, New Jersey; Christ Church, Ridgewood, New Jersey; St. Martin's, New Bedford, Massachusetts 1904-. Married to Grace Mansfield Whitney August 27, 1881 at St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, New York, NY.

position of apparent happiness and honor opened before me. There seemed to be some grave personal reasons why I ought to accept. I am weary with all the care, my nerves are not as strong as they were. I bear less easily the manifold anxieties of the work here. A change of life and work might be of great service. My friends all urged it. Even many friends of the college did the same, though some were most earnest the other way. Thinking it would be selfish, even for me to undertake it and leave the college. Still I was not urged to go or stay. I cannot say that I was ever very doubtful as to my duty, though there were good reasons for going, so grace, that humanly speaking they seemed almost imperative. But I could not accept it. It did not seem to be right. I laid the matter before the trustees. I mentioned to them the great difficulties of the work here, and what especially weighed upon me, as: first, the way in which the East range of buildings is heated making me anxious night and day—in winter at least—for the safety of the boys. Second, the great trouble arising from carrying the floating debt of about \$10,000. I told them, however, that my staying or going would not depend on whether they did or did not remedy these difficulties. They passed resolutions, appointed committees to raise the money, etc., and did nothing.

At the last meeting of the year I told them that I had declined the call, and that was the end of it for the present. They were very anxious to have me stay and appreciated it all, but could do no better. It would have been a great encouragement could they have done so, but there is nothing more helpless than a Western Bishop in Heaven or Earth. I am convinced probably that so far as it looks now, God calls me to do as I always have done, bear the burden of the college and wait for his own good time.

Dr. Seymour, after his election as Bishop of Springfield, while waiting for the confirmation of his election by the Bishops, wrote a letter to Bishop Vail,<sup>161</sup> which he (Dr. S.) allowed to be presented and sent around to the other Bishops in which he said things, which, of course, are true, but which showed that he did not hold in any real way the doctrine of the Real Presence. There is no escape from this now except to suppose that he was trifling with his own conscience—a thing I trust impossible. He has accepted the confirmation and was consecrated on St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th, with great ceremony in Trinity Church. He is to be received into his Diocese on Thursday next, July 11th. This was a trial, not his election, but the previously mentioned course of action. He is too good a man, however, not to come out all right, though under the very difficult labors of his new diocese. Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of Quincy,<sup>162</sup> was at our commencement. To save money and out of very weariness, too, the commencement was quieter than usual. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the chapel and there were no orations. But it was all very dignified and unusually beautiful. An amusing incident

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<sup>161</sup> Thomas Hubbard Vail (1812-1889). Deacon June 29, 1835 (Brownell); Priest . Bishop of Kansas from 1864.

<sup>162</sup> Alexander Burgess (1819-October 8, 1901). Graduated at Brown University in 1838, at the age of nineteen, and at the General Theological Seminary in 1841. Racine DD 1881. Ordained deacon in Providence, November 3, 1842 (A. V. Griswold); priest November 1, 1843 (J. P. K. Henshaw). While in deacon's orders he had charge of St. Stephen's Church, East Haddam, Connecticut. Rector of St. Mark's Church, Augusta, Maine (1843-1854); St. Luke's Church, Portland, Maine (1854-1867); St. John's Church, Brooklyn, New York 1867-1869; and Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts (1869-1878). He was consecrated first Bishop of Quincy, Illinois, May 15, 1878. He was the author of *Memoir of Bishop George Burgess*, a biography of his elder brother, the first Bishop of Maine. He married Maria Annette Howard June 1, 1858 in Portland, Maine.

occurred to me. I wear a purple gown trimmed with black velvet to confer degrees with a purple cassock on this Sunday. I determined, Bishop [illegible] consenting, to wear the purple cassock under my alb at the celebration, and afterwards under the short surplice at the morning prayer and litany, when the sermon was to be preached. Under the alb the cassock was scarcely noticeable and probably hardly any one knew I had it on. I knew it however. We had a full choral celebration, I being the celebrant with Epistler and Gospeller. The gospel began "There was a certain rich man clothed in purple and fine linen faring sumptuously every day."<sup>163</sup> It was an odd occurrence, which anti-ritualists would probably regard as quite a rebuke. I was compelled to preach the Baccalaureate sermon as Dr. Seymour, who a year before had promised to do so, was compelled, he thought to disappoint us. Mrs. Dunn, who had been our servant for many years, left this year. It was she who once when I had gone to the laboratory, told a visitor who inquired for me that I had gone to the purgatory. Mrs. Franklin has left us, a really great loss, as she has been for many years—about 11—our chief matron and foremost in all good works. Partly the result of advanced years, it has been due still more to the foolish conduct of a daughter, a sort of widow bewitched, who has encamped near the college and done all the mischief she could.

Dear Bishop Welles has been very ill, but now upon the sea (I believe on the way to the Lambeth Conference). He will get there before it is over, but its sessions begin about July 1st.<sup>164</sup> There have been diocesan troubles of a small sort and I fear there will be more under the leadership of Dr. Fulton.<sup>165</sup> The sisters have come to take charge of the school at Kenosha, and I am to have the spiritual charge of them. So now I close the account again at the end of the 19th year, the 24th, counting the time at Nashotah.

Jan. 2nd.

The thermometer has been 20 below zero today. I should say it would be colder still tonight. The wind blows a hurricane and it is cold and dreary. Not dreary, though all but a few of the boys are away, and my sisters in Chicago, but my study is warm and cheerful and I am only afraid that I have so many good things that someday I may hear the words, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime received thy good things,"<sup>166</sup> but God forbid.

The year thus far has been full of events. We had a large increase in numbers, having this term about 172 and actually besides building a building at the cost of \$1,375 for an earth closet reducing our floating debt this term of 15 weeks over \$5,000. It has made us all especially thankful to Him from Whom comes all prosperity. I was placed by the Bishop in spiritual charge of the Sisters of St. Mary who are at Kemper Hall, Kenosha. All summer the fever had been raging at the south, and three or four of the

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<sup>163</sup> BCP Gospel for the First Sunday after Trinity, Luke 16:19.

<sup>164</sup> Bishop Welles was attending the second Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops.

<sup>165</sup> John Fulton (April 2, 1834-April 24, 1907). Born in Glasgow, Scotland. He studied in the Channel Islands and at Aberdeen, moved in 1853 to the United States. Deacon in New Orleans May 27, 1857 (Polk); Priest 1858. He was, with Samuel Smith Harris, one of the original editors of *The Living Church* weekly. Author of *Letters on Christian Unity* (1868); *Index Canonum* (1872), *Laws of Marriage* (1883), and *The Chalcedonian Decree, or, Historical Christianity, misrepresented by Modern Theology, Confirmed by Modern Science, and Untouched by Modern Criticism* (New York, 1892) as well as numerous books and pamphlets on the Civil War.

<sup>166</sup> Luke 16:25

Sisters at Memphis died thru exposure in the care of the sick. It was a sad and anxious time for the poor Sisters hearing of the deaths of three in Memphis and the sad accounts of the pestilence. The Rev. C. C. Parsons fell at his post.<sup>167</sup> The Rev. L. S. Schuyler<sup>168</sup> felt himself called to go there and take Mr. Parsons' place, Mr. Harris being ill also. He obtained Bishop Quintard's consent and went at once. He was only there a few days and was himself taken ill and died of the fever. I was deeply interested in him for just as my name was being tossed about from Standing Committee to Standing Committee charged with Romanism, he was sent to me to be kept, if possible, from going to the Church of Rome. It was just after the fire when my rooms were in Kemper Hall. I found his difficulty consisted in too generous an acceptance of arguments against the Church of England, because they were against his cause and because too he had never been fully able to practice his Catholic Doctrines in which he believed, and because too, especially at this time, there was so much talk against Catholic Doctrine as if it were disloyal to the Church. I gave him such counsel and used such arguments as I could, and he was deeply impressed by them. He left me, and went back to St. Louis, and called at once on Bishop Ryan<sup>169</sup> with whom he had been in communication. Bishop Ryan was out of town and he went at once to Archbishop Kenrick.<sup>170</sup> I often urged him to write about the remarkable conversation he had with the Archbishop who seemed never to have accepted the Vatican Decrees, but Mr. Schuyler regarded it as confidential and would not do so. Suffice it to say that in relation to the arguments I had used with him as to the moral reasons why he ought not to leave the Church, believing as he did and situated as he was, the Bishop's advice was similar to my own. Mr. Schuyler thus confirmed became more earnest, with doubts removed, he was admitted to preach and did preach the ordination sermon at his father's church in St. Louis.<sup>171</sup> He tried afterwards to become one of the Evangelist Fathers,<sup>172</sup> but his health did not permit, and he was about, when summoned to Memphis, to assist in the work at the Holy Innocents in Hoboken. He was enabled, it is said, to convert one skeptic during his brief stay in St. Louis and he buried Sister Constance—the Sister who wrote the account of her death and Mr. Schuyler were all gone. May they rest

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<sup>167</sup> Charles Carroll Parsons (1838-September 6, 1878). See Charles T. Quintard, *In memoriam: The Rev. Charles Carroll Parsons: A Sermon preached before the Nashville Convocation*, in Grace Chapel, Spring Hill, Tennessee. (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1879).

<sup>168</sup> Louis Sandford Schuyler (1852-1879). See *Memorials of the Reverend Louis S. Schuyler* (New York: Pott, Young, & Co., 1879). Schuyler's death was dramatized in a novel entitled *The Celebrant*, by Charles Turner (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Servant Publications, 1982).

<sup>169</sup> Patrick John Ryan (February 20, 1831-February 11, 1911). Born at Cloneyharp, Ireland. Priest September 8, 1852; Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis (1872-1884); Archbishop of Philadelphia (1884-1911).

<sup>170</sup> Peter Richard Kenrick (1806-1896). Titular Bishop of Draso and Coadjutor Bishop of Saint Louis (1841-1843); Bishop (later Archbishop) of Saint Louis (1843-1895); Titular Archbishop of Marcanopolis (1895-1896). At the First Vatican Council of December, 1869, he was one of the prelates who were opposed to the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and voted "non placet" at the preliminary private sitting. He did not attend the session at which the dogma was promulgated, but publicly submitted to the voice of the majority as the authority of the Church when he learned of the proclamation.

<sup>171</sup> His father was Montgomery Schuyler (1814-March 19, 1896), rector of Christ Church, St. Louis, Missouri, later Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, as it was designated in 1888 (1854-1896). Deacon May 18, 1841; Priest February 19, 1842 (McCoskry). Rector of Trinity Church, Battle Creek, Michigan (); St. Thomas Church, Battle Creek, Michigan (1842-1845); founding rector of St. Thomas, Buffalo, New York (1845-1854). He married (first) Sarah Sandford; (second) October 10, 1843, Lydia Eliza Roosevelt, daughter of Nicholas I. Roosevelt; (third) Sophia Elizabeth Norton.

<sup>172</sup> The Cowley Fathers, officially called the Missionary Priests of Saint John the Evangelist.

in peace. O may I be found worthy to be with them. Bishop Welles returned early in November, quite restored to health. Prof. Wheeler died at San Francisco very suddenly of anemia of the heart, about the 11th of November. The troubles of the Diocese about the Cathedral aggravated by the wrong doing of Dr. Fulton made the adjourned convention in November a distressing one. I must mention one amusing incident of the term.

A boy by the name of Buel, and nephew of Dr. Buel of the Seminary,<sup>173</sup> Prof. of Systematic Divinity, came to the school this fall. Two little boys named Ambos also came. They were very homesick, and while so, young Buel happened to be alone with them. He came to my study and said, "O, doctor, they feel dreadfully, they keep saying "We came to a protestant school and this is a catholic school," and, added Buel, I took out the articles to show them and they would not even look at them!"

I must mention, too, though it has nothing to do with this story, Bishop McLaren told me in a conversation I had with him, that the thing which finally converted him to the Episcopal Church was the speech made by me at the General Convention in 1871. The speech which was made on the occasion of my rejection as Bishop of Illinois by the Standing Committees. Bishop McLaren was elected in my place! This is so curious a coincidence that I think it worth writing down. There was a confirmation in the school this fall, an unusual thing at this season. Steps have been begun to make the Board of Trustees at Nashotah the same as that at Racine. Should this be accomplished, a union will be accomplished at last. How strange if this were to take place at the end of my 25th year of work in the West.

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<sup>173</sup> Samuel Buel (June 11, 1815-December 30, 1892). Deacon July 2, 1837 (B.T. Onderdonk). First rector of Trinity Church, Battle Creek, Michigan (1836-1841) Married June 11, 1838 to Jane Eliza Wilmer. Buel was Professor of Systematic Divinity and Dogmatic Theology at the General Seminary; he had earlier written *Eucharistic Presence, Eucharistic Sacrifice, and Eucharistic Adoration: Being An Examination of "A Theological Defence for the Rev. James De Koven, D.D., Warden of Racine College, February 12, 1874"* (New York: Thomas Whittaker, 1874). This was a spirited, learned and sustained attack on DeKoven's eucharistic doctrine from a traditional American Hobartian High Church point of view. Buel called DeKoven's doctrine "the abyss of Eutychianism, or of Nonentity, Andrewes being judge" (130), "akin to teachings of material scientists" (141), and "a signal failure" (169).